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Pro-Slavery.

LETTER FROM DR. COX.

We find in the last Evangelist a letter from the Rev. Dr. Cox, in London. It is briefly an account of the late Temperance Convention. The reverend gentleman is greatly exasperated against Frederick Douglass, that he should dare expose the short-comings of the Doctor and his associates, toward the coloured people. He is also evidently still smarting under the effects of the exposure of his pro-slavery character to the British public at a subsequent Anti-Slavery meeting. He first speaks of the place of meeting, to repel some slanders which he knows very well would make him far more obnoxious at home than any charges of pro-slavery that could be made against him:

Last night we had a grand popular meeting—where do you think? In the theatre, Covent-Garden. The stage was well prepared as a regular platform, the pit was filled to its utmost capacity, the front boxes, three tiers of them—were well occupied, and the two galleries were literally crammed. This is the only time I have entered *the theatre* in Europe, and it will probably be the last. Some men, I chance to know, are very free and cruel in charging the clergy indiscriminately with visiting the theatre, the opera, and other such places of criminal amusement, when abroad; but if a very few have in part authorized the calumny, and deserved the censure, I still believe it to be applicable only in rare cases; and none of my friends and companions in travel have I ever known guilty in the matter at all. For myself, I went to such a place for amusement, and as others go, last in the city of New-York, in January, 1812, and never since have I gone, or desired to go, in a single instance—and this I write for some special reasons. *Culpam qui meruit ferat.*

There were many speakers. Among the first in order, was our venerable friend, now in his seventy-first year, the Rev. Dr. Beecher. He was hailed as *pater atque princeps* in the army of temperance—and he well sustained his character. There he stood in green old age, *fat and flourishing, bringing forth fruit* as a tree of righteousness, *planted by the rivers of waters;* and if wine instead of water had been his beverage, he would probably now have been in his grave. Other speakers followed from different parts of the world. They all advocated the same cause, showed a glorious unity of thought and feeling, and the effect was constantly raised—the moral scene was superb and glorious—when Frederick Douglass, the colored abolition agitator and ultraist, came to the platform, and so spake *a-la-mode* as to ruin the influence, almost, of all that preceded! He lugged in anti-slavery, or abolition, no doubt prompted to it by some of the politic ones, who can use him to do what they would not themselves adventure to do in person. He is supposed to have been well paid for the abomination.

What a perversion, an abuse, an iniquity against the law of reciprocal righteousness, to call thousands together, and get them, some certain ones, to seem conspicuous and devoted for one sole and grand object, and then, all at once, with obliquity, open an avalanche on them for some imputed evil or monstrosity, for which, whatever be the wound or the injury inflicted, they were both too fatigued and too hurried with surprise, and too straitened for time to be properly prepared. I say it is a trick of meanness! It is abominable!

On this occasion, Mr. Douglass allowed himself to denounce America and all its temperance societies together, as a grinding community of the enemies of his people; said evil, with no alloy of good, concerning the whole of us; was perfectly indiscriminate in his severities, talked of the American delegates, and to them, as if he had been our schoolmaster, and we his docile and devoted pupils; and launched his revengeful missiles at our country, without one palliative, and as if not a Christian or a true anti-slavery man lived in the whole of the United States. The fact is, the man has been petted, and flattered, and used, and paid by certain Abolitionists not unknown to us, of the *ne plus ultra* stamp, till he forgets himself; and though he may gratify his own impulses, and those of old Adam in others, yet sure I am that all this is just the way to ruin his own influence, to defeat his own object, and to do mischief, not good, to the very cause he professes to love. With the single exception of one cold-hearted parricide, whose character I abhor, and whom I will not name, and who has, I fear, no feeling of true patriotism or piety within him, all the delegates from our country were together wounded and indignant. No wonder at it! I write freely. It was not done in a corner. It was inspired, I believe, from beneath, and not from above. It was adapted to re-kindle on both sides of the Atlantic the flames of national exasperation and war. And this is the game which Mr. Frederick Douglass and his silly patrons are playing in England, and in Scotland, and wherever they can find "some mischief still, for idle hands to do!" I came here his sympathizing friend—I am such no more, as I more know him.

We can assure the Doctor that Douglass has never been bought since he was last sold by some evangelical church-members in Maryland. The only way he can be bought is so much for his body and limbs, under the sanction of the public opinion which Dr. Cox helps to create in the United States. The *man* Douglass is not to be bought, however possible the Doctor's preconceived notions that that is all a coloured man is made for, may induce him to think it. But hear him further:

My own opinion is increasingly that this abominable spirit must be exorcised out of England and America, before any substantial good can be effected for the cause of the slave. It is adapted only to make bad worse, and to inflame the passions of indignant millions to an incurable resentment. None but an ignoramus or a madman, could think that this way was that of the inspired apostles of the Son of God. It may gratify the feelings of a self-deceived and malignant few, but it will do no good in any direction—least of all to the poor slave! It is short-sighted, impulsive, partisan, reckless, and tending only to sanguinary ends. None of this—with men of sense and principle.

We all wanted to reply, but it was too late; the whole theatre seemed taken with the spirit of the Ephesian uproar; they were furious and boisterous in the extreme, and Mr. Kirk could hardly obtain a moment, though many were desirous in his behalf, to say in few words, as he did, very calm and properly, that the cause of temperance was not at all responsible for Slavery, and had no connection with it. There were some "sly" agencies behind the scenes—we know!

Not exactly an Ephesian uproar, either, Doctor, if we reads Acts aright—or rather not as you would represent it. "Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people," said Demetrius; and he and his companions felt that their craft was in danger. They it was who made the uproar. But the uproar which the Paul of Covent-Garden Theatre caused came from those who would overthrow the idols you worship—the pro-slavery Church and ministry. It was to put down, not uphold, your pro-slavery craft that they made an uproar. You who cry out at home, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," only dared there to say, "She is not called Diana."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE LATE JUDGE STORY.

"Even Story sullied at last the lustre of a long life by a decision, the infamy of which even his large services cannot hide."

The above sentence is taken from some remarks by Mr. Wendell Phillips upon an opinion given by the city Solicitor, in his official capacity, as to the legality of separate schools for coloured children, which remarks form an appendix to the "Report of the minority of the Committee of the Primary School Board, on the Caste Schools," a pamphlet recently published in this city. The decision referred to is that in the case of Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, (16 Peters, 539,) in which the main point decided was that an act of the State of Pennsylvania which punished as a public offence the seizing and removing a slave by his master was null and void, as conflicting with the well known provision of the Constitution, respecting fugitives from labour.

These few words of Mr. Phillips's have been read by the writer of this communication, more in sorrow than in anger. They furnish much food for reflection. They make us regret, first of all, that the fires of fanaticism should have burned out of his heart one of the strongest and most sacred of its instincts; respect for the dead. Granting, which we do not doubt, that he is sincere in his convictions, it argues a strange insensibility, or a ferocity hardly human, to utter these bitter words—so insulting to the dead, so wounding to the living, now that he at whom they are aimed is removed from the sphere of mortal emotions. The grave is ever the great reconciler and peace-maker. Upon its peaceful bosom, our evil passions repose, with him who was their object or their victim. The gathered hatred of years is arrested by those dark portals, which are ever opening to receive but never to restore. But the ruthless intolerance of Mr. Phillips is stronger than death, and more pitiless than the grave.

But who is it whose memory is thus assailed? Is it a common man, whose dust can claim no other protection than the world-wide mantle of death? No; it is a man great as well as good; whose long life was crowned with useful and honourable labours, and with generous efforts and sacrifices for others, whose heart was full of gentleness, kindliness, and tolerance, who thought no evil of any one, who was not more remarkable for the distinguished ability with which he performed his functions as a magistrate and a judge, than for the simplicity and sweetness of his manners, and the genial warmth of his heart, whose fame is one of our best national possessions, and in whom our country is crowned wherever laws are administered and justice is respected. The memory of this illustrious and admirable man is branded with "infamy." "Infamy" is a strong word to be used in speaking of a judge. A wise and just man would hardly apply it to the corruption of Macclesfield; still less to the weakness of Bacon. The brutal Jeffreys is the only judge in English history, whom we can at this moment recall, as being worthy of "infamy." And yet this is the word which Mr. Phillips permits himself to couple with the name of Story.

But let us analyze the words. To authorize the charge of "infamy" against a judicial opinion, it must be not only wrong, contrary to law and justice, but also given from corrupt and wicked motives. There can be no moral element in a mere mistake. A judge is fallible, and may make a wrong decision. In every case, there is one party who will be dissatisfied with a judge's opinion, for where one must gain, one must also lose. But no well-constituted mind ever arraigned the motives of a judge, from the mere fact that he had given a decision against him.

If Judge Story's decision in the case of Prigg be "infamous," it must be not merely because it was wrong, but because he knew it to be wrong. Now, was it wrong? This, of course, is a matter of opinion, about which men equally wise and good may reasonably differ. That it was the opinion, not merely of Judge Story, but of the Supreme Court of the United States, is certainly a legal presumption in favour of its correctness. But suppose it to rest upon his authority alone, how does the case stand. Judge Story and Mr. Wendell Phillips are at issue upon a legal question. The remark of Mr. Phillips is, it will be observed, an assertion, not an argument. It rests, therefore, upon the weight of his authority alone. If it be wrong, it is because he thinks so.

Now it is no disparagement to Mr. Phillips to say that his opinion on a legal question is of very little value. Though trained to the bar his pursuits and interests have for many years lain in another direction. His forte is popular eloquence, in which department he has very few equals. It is not too much to assert that there are twenty or thirty persons, at least, at the Boston bar, whose legal judgment is of more value than that of Mr. Phillips. On the other hand, there is no man living whose opinion on a legal point would be entitled to more respect than that of Judge Story. An English Judge has remarked in substance that an expressed opinion of Judge Story's, adverse to a recorded decision of an English Court of Justice, would make the question an open one, and entitle it to a re-hearing. Nothing can be stronger than this; and, we believe, it expresses no more than the sense entertained by the bar both in England and America as to the respect due to Judge Story's legal judgment.

Under these circumstances, a little of that self-knowledge whose pedigree the Roman poet traces to Heaven itself, might have led Mr. Phillips to pause ere he uttered so sweeping a condemnation of the opinion in question. But Providence has bountiful compensations in store for us; and a man's own sense of his fitness to form and express a particular opinion, is often in inverse proportion to that entertained by the rest of the world; and thus the balance of self-complacency is kept in equilibrium. But suppose that the opinion was mistaken in point of law, does any one imagine that Judge Story did not express his sincere convictions? Does any one imagine that he did violence to his judicial conscience in pronouncing it? Such a supposition is so infinitely removed from possibility that it does not awaken even our indignation. It becomes ludicrous, grotesque. We can only suppose that he who makes or insinuates it, is essaying a very stupid joke, or that he is beside himself. It is like calling Washington a coward, or Hamilton a fool. The dignity of anger is wasted upon such charges.

The issue between Judge Story and Mr. Phillips may now be tried by an impartial public. We put it to them, whether any amount of zeal in a good cause, even, can justify the latter in bringing so cruel an accusation; whether it can be even explained, except by a perversion of judgment which makes him hardly responsible for what he does and says, or by a want of moral sensibility which puts him almost beyond the pale of human sympathies.

But, Mr. Editor, you will indulge me with some further observations, suggested by this theme. I am opposed to the institution of Slavery; perhaps as much so as Mr. Phillips is. I am ready to make any efforts and sacrifices likely to promote its abolition. I have therefore viewed with peculiar pain, the bitterness of speech and ferocity of denunciation which of late have characterized the proceedings of the Abolitionists. They insist upon infusing a moral element into an honest difference of opinion. They will not allow that there can be any difference of opinion which is honest. Whoever does not agree with them in their views of duty on this subject, is nothing less than a coward, a liar, or a traitor. We have seen how one of the most eminent among them deals with the memory of Judge Story, because he could not conscientiously interpret the Constitution as they would have had him. The case of Gov. Briggs is also in point. He issues a proclamation in the exercise of his official duty upon the subject of the Mexican war. That proclamation contained expressions which many of his political friends regretted and thought uncalled for. But that was all. Nobody doubted that he was sincere in the opinions he expressed. But the Abolitionists instantly proclaimed and published him to be a traitor more infamous than Benedict Arnold.

A considerable portion of the Whig party is strongly anti-slavery and desirous to put the State of Massachusetts into an attitude of opposition to Slavery, as firm as is consistent with respect for the Constitution, and the preservation of the Union. One would think them entitled to some sympathy and countenance from the Abolitionists. But not so. A miss, it seems, is quite as good as a mile. In a recent number of the Anti-Slavery Standard there is an editorial article of the most contemptuous and insulting character upon this portion of the party; declaring them to be probably Abolitionists and Disunionists in their hearts, but afraid to utter their true sentiments. Here, with one stroke of the pen, a writer proclaims thousands and tens of thousands of respectable men to be cowards and liars; their lives a long lie.

No one denies that the Abolitionists are engaged in a noble enterprise. No one, who knows anything about them, will deny the sincerity of their convictions, and the purity of their motives. The blameless uprightness of their daily lives, their energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice are worthy of all praise. But does it never occur to the moderate among them, at least, that this habit of fierce vituperation—this practice of keeping the most wounding and blistering epithets in the English language always at hand in a dredging-box, as it were, and liberally besprinkling every page of their publications from it—is unchristian, is unjust, and must recoil with injurious effect upon themselves. The abolition of Slavery in the United States, must be the work of time, and can only be accomplished by a variety of co-operating influences. Moral reforms are never brought about by the exclusive aid of those who first break ground in them, though these may justly claim the largest share of the praise. The desired end is only effected by a preponderance of public sentiment in its behalf. Before you can prevail, you must enlist in the cause that class of men whose views and opinions are entitled to respect, not merely upon the particular subject, but upon all subjects. Slavery will never be abolished by fervent appeals to the sensibilities and moral sentiments alone. Now, the course of the Abolitionists, their violence, their extravagance, their intolerance, their habit of evil speaking, must tend to disgust and alienate that class of men, without whose help the end they desire can never be accomplished. Their ranks will be occupied by men, exclusively, of tempestuous sensibility and wild fanaticism, whose opinions, for that very reason, can never command any general respect, and whose blatant and flatulent rhetoric, alone, will be as ineffectual to abolish Slavery, as drums and trumpets to capture a fortress. How different was the course of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their associates in England, and how much more slow would have been their progress had they not subdued opposition by gentleness, and disarmed their enemies by those soft answers that turn away wrath. Mankind are like bees. They are more attracted by honey than by vinegar.

One word more, and this long communication shall be brought to a close. Mankind are imperfect and fallible. You cannot expect in the majority of men, the highest Christian virtues; or, at any rate, you will not find them. The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear. Men will not bear to hear the words treason and infamy coupled with those whose persons they respect and whose memories they reverence. Hence, the direct tendency of such language is to a breach of the peace. Mischief will hunt the violent man, whether this violence be in word or deed. Out of this heat a viper will come. There is an old proverb which says that curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost. The men who habitually use language calculated to arouse the evil and destructive passions, cannot reasonably complain if they sometimes suffer from the violence of these passions.

From the Journal of Commerce.

NO GREAT DIFFICULTY.

In a debate in the Legislature of New Hampshire, upon some Anti-Slavery resolutions, Mr. Haddock, of Hanover, said:

When Slavery is seen in its true light, as an offence to Heaven and an outrage upon man, as the curse alike of the oppressed and the oppressor, there will be no great difficulty in getting rid of it. The herds of human cattle that darken the plains of the South, will melt away as the flocks that whiten our hills do, when we have no longer any interest in multiplying them.

We find this speech copied into one of the religious papers as a good thing. Mr. Haddock is not a man of rant, but is accustomed to speak the words of truth and soberness. We should like to see his plan for eradicating Slavery, which he says can be done with "no great difficulty," when public sentiment shall be what he thinks it ought to be. If he is not uttering mere rant, then he has a plan; for everything that is to be done is to be done in some way. If Mr. Haddock would "melt away" Slavery by the same means with which the "flocks" are melted away when they are no longer profitable, that is by sale, starvation, or the slaughter-house, he might perhaps succeed. Still there would be some difficulty even then. To dispose of three millions of human beings in any of these ways would be a matter of some difficulty. They could not all be sold in one year, nor fifty; and if they could, that would not be "getting rid" of Slavery, but simply transferring it to other hands. They would probably make more resistance to starvation and the slaughter-house, than New Hampshire cattle.

How poorly does he comprehend the vastness of the mischief, when he talks of Slavery in this way. How little has he thought, how little does he know! How incompetent are they to manage the mighty matter, who think it is to be remedied by the resolutions, or the speeches and tirades of ecclesiastical bodies—men who think nothing wanted but a correction of public sentiment. All these things are more ridiculously inadequate, than India crackers to the overthrow of Mt. Washington. Mr. Haddock talks of want of courage to speak boldly. Sacrifices, he says, will be necessary; perhaps blood. But he looks for future Wickliffes, Luthers, Clarksons, and Wilberforces, who with a charmed life shall venture into the conflict, "until the scales fall from men's eyes, and the veil be rent from their hearts." Other men talk just so. They might as well deliver their orations against the North wind, and expect to subdue it by public sentiment. All these men deny the great fact, that the public sentiment of three quarters of the South, and much more than that of the Northern tier of Southern States, is more deeply and earnestly opposed to Slavery than the opinion of the North. Southern men would do more, sacrifice more, venture more, for its eradication, ten times over than any railing abolition society that ever assembled. Courage, forsooth, to pass resolutions, and make speeches in New Hampshire against Southern Slavery! Just as much courage as to slander the lions of the African deserts. We hope the time is near when men of reputed sense and propriety will leave off this turkey blustering, and come to the real points of difficulty in the abolition of Slavery. Instead of no difficulty except in public sentiment at the South, the difficulties are immense on every side; so great that no human wisdom can tell how they are to be overcome. Nothing can really abolish Slavery and extirpate its poisonous roots from society, but the construction of society upon one broad platform of social and political equality. The men who are now slaves must be admitted to all the rights, privileges, and immunities, political, religious, and social, which belong to American citizens generally. At present there is not one State of this vast Union where the work of establishing this equality is really begun. Anti-Slavery Ohio will not allow the few fugitives from John Randolph's benevolence to settle within her borders, though on their own land. An Ohio mob will drive them off, or murder them on the spot, and no force of Ohio's Magistracy will prevent it. Will brave New Hampshire take courage and allow them a place between some two of her granite hills. Will Mr. Haddock vote to sell them lands, and protect them in their possession within his beautiful town of Hanover. If the South will set her three millions of slaves free, will New Hampshire consent that one hundred thousand of them shall immigrate there? We know she would not. She would extirpate them if they should attempt it. Every road by which such an invasion could enter among her hills would be guarded by glittering bayonets. There are not more than one or two States where coloured men are allowed to vote, and they would not be so allowed, if there were but enough of them to make the least impression at the ballot boxes. In no free State, so far as we know, are they allowed to do military duty among the militia, or form themselves into military companies by themselves. Nowhere are they allowed to hold political office, and nowhere in the religious assemblies of the whites are they allowed to enter except to set themselves together in some separated corner. In no society would intermarriage with them be counted less than infamy. Their blood, the least portion of it shuts the unfortunate possessor an outcast from society. The few efforts that have been made to carry out Anti-Slavery doctrines to their legitimate extent, have thrown the surrounding society into commotion and mobs, until those efforts have been entirely abandoned. While things are so in all the free States, is it manly, honourable, or Christian, nay is it sensible or decent, for men covered over with the guilt of these oppressions, to mount the rocks of New Hampshire, and with grandiloquent boasts of self-sacrifice, to rail against the South?—to prate of shackles and human cattle, and chattels in the form of human souls? Let men who take the road of denunciation to abolish Slavery, begin their charitable work at home. Let them cease in New Hampshire to treat the coloured race as a degraded caste, as outcasts, and not men,—let them place them really and truly upon the equality which they claim as their right. Until then their declamation and denunciation is self-righteousness and hypocrisy, and but shows their ignorance and their selfishness.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the chief seat of Slavery is in Southern opinion, or Southern statutes recognizing and regulating its existence, or that a change in these would remedy the mighty evil. The cause is inherent in the facts as they stand forth in two great races, mingled together, and yet separated from each other by the impassable gulf of colour. The increase of education, taste, and advance of Christian feeling, is rendering this gulf wider from year to year. Mr. Haddock, assisted by the whole Legislature of New Hampshire, cannot throw a bridge across it strong enough to carry over the few remnants of Slavery which still exist there. Men may rail as they will, but the coloured race must in this country be always a degraded, down-trodden, or down-sinking race. Philanthropy, religion, nothing in human power can change the eternal decrees. But until this is done, Slavery cannot properly be said to be abolished. Certainly the aspirations of Christian benevolence will not be appeased until this is done, and the negro stands forth—a man—*equal* with other men. Any scheme, therefore, which does not contemplate this, is insufficient; though, in the meantime, every effort which can modify the calamity, should be put forth with the most devoted energy. But railing is miserable and mean, on such an occasion. It neither cures nor alleviates, but aggravates the disease. It is because we have a deep-seated abhorrence of Slavery, and some right feelings of respect and sympathy, we trust, for both masters and slaves, that we look upon the aggravating knight-errantry of the last fifteen years, with such deep disapprobation. It is wicked, trifling, malignant, raving about an evil so great and dangerous that all good men are bound to contemplate it with all the wisdom, kindness, humility, and true courage which dwell within them. Let real Abolitionists, with great hearts, sit down to contemplate, and, if they can, devise a remedy for the facts which exist in our country, and grapple if they can with the fact that we have in our Southern States more than three millions of slaves and free persons of colour, who are

1st. Of a colour distinct from that of the American people.

2d. A great majority of their minds are demented by long subjugation.

3d. Of morals broken and unsound, so that they cannot be controlled by virtue.

4th. Ignorant, so that they are unable to use the powers they have.

5th. Possessing the feeling which oppression always engenders towards those who are the supposed authors of it.

With these considerations and more, that every intelligent mind will suggest, let him, if he can, devise some plan by which Slavery can be really removed from our land. A scheme, in the sacrifices of which he will be willing to bear a double part, and we will call him a great benefactor. Let him take as the foundation fact of his plan, that there are hundreds of thousands of Christians and philanthropists at the South, who will be thankful for his plan, and ready to make ten-fold greater sacrifices than himself for its accomplishment. Against this great multitude of Christians at the South, ready and anxious to do their duty, and who are doing it as far as they can discover what it is, how exceedingly unchristian, contemptible, and mean, are the anathemas and excommunications of Northern churches and ecclesiastical and political bodies. They are a blot upon our character, for which every right-minded Northern man must be deeply ashamed.

Selections.

From the Boston Courier.

The Daily Advertiser of Tuesday last contained an anonymous attack on me, occupying a column, and headed, "Mr. Wendell Phillips and the late Judge Story." This was followed, the next day, by a leading editorial on the same subject. The following communication was sent by me to the editor of the Advertiser, on Wednesday last. On Saturday it was returned to me with a refusal to publish, not from any objection to its language or spirit, but because the editor was unwilling *to open his columns* to the discussion.

I shall not venture to characterize this conduct, lest I might be betrayed into "harsh language"; but I leave it to the public to judge whether it is honourable or manly. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the Daily Advertiser:

SIR:—An anonymous paragraph in the Advertiser of Tuesday finds great fault with me for calling one act in the *public life* of Judge Story "infamous." The writer seems to think that the dead should be mentioned only with praise. I deem it a duty, on the contrary, while "the evil that men do lives after them," to neutralize, as far as possible, the ill effects of their actions, by pointing them clearly out to the attention of the community. For expressing in earnest language, an unfavourable opinion of a public act of a deceased Judge, I am charged "with a ruthless intolerance, stronger than death, and more pitiless than the grave." If to criticise freely the actions of public men, after their death, be ruthless and intolerant, how is history to be written? Death did not shield Napoleon from the searching rebuke of Channing. Indeed, the bare statement of the principle of your correspondent sufficiently shows its unsoundness. He wholly forgets the distinction between public and private men. The sanctity of private life is not to be violated, either before or after death. But when a man puts on the robes of office, his acts become the property of the nation, and every man, on fitting occasion, may summon them to the bar of public opinion. Mr. Justice Story has filled too large a space in the public eye,—his decisions have had too wide, and are destined to have too lasting, an influence on the courts of the country, to allow any man to surrender his right freely to canvass, and when wrong, earnestly to oppose and denounce them.

The private virtues of Judge Story no one appreciates more cordially than I do; but surely, on further reflection, your correspondent will not feel justified in offering them as any excuse for his errours on the bench, or as any reason why such errours should not be frankly condemned.

Your correspondent supposes that in order to justify calling a decision "infamous," the Judge must act against his conscience, and from wilful corruption. I differ from him. A Judge or any other man may do many an infamous act, and dream all the while that he is doing God service. Calvin's burning of Servetus does not cease to be infamous, although you tell me that honest bigotry may have convinced him it was right. There are times when indifference to the rights of others, and specially of the helpless, when heedlessness of the great fundamental principles of liberty and law, will render the bench as really infamous, as wilful corruption.

The most important points of the "Prigg case," your correspondent either did not know, or has carefully concealed. No court has ever denied the right of the master, under the Constitution, to carry back his fugitive slave. But, in this case, the Supreme Court went further, and gave to the slave-master what the terms of the Constitution have not given him, namely, the right, without legal process, to seize and carry away his slave, and also declared all State laws which required him to *prove* his property, unconstitutional and void. This granting to the slaveholder the right to seize men without applying to a magistrate, and to carry them a thousand miles from kindred and home, without an express warrant, when we consider the strong motives to its abuse, the liability to mistake, and the fearful consequences to the sufferer, is an act of such a nature, as well justifies the keenest anxiety and criticism of every lover of liberty. The court denied to persons claimed as slaves the right to have the question of their really being so, tried by a jury, although the Constitution of the United States has ordered all questions affecting property to the amount of twenty dollars to be so tried, and although the States of New-York, and New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont, had expressly granted them that right. This is not the place for a legal argument, even if your correspondent thought me capable of one. Few but Abolitionists will appreciate the disastrous results of that decision. But I may venture to affirm that it placed slave property, in the eye of the law, on a *more favourable* footing than any other kind of property; since to collect a note of hand in Boston, or recover a disputed horse, the Southerner must pass the ordeal of the jury; and only when man and liberty are at stake, is the claimant's own oath admitted. This certainly is a result not contemplated by the Constitution, and the fault of which rests not on that instrument, but on its judicial expounders. That decision also practically scattered to the winds the few rights which our laws had left to the coloured people, both free and bond, of these States. As an humble coadjutor with some of the best minds of the nation, I arraigned it at the time as infamous. I am afraid, however, that, had I stood alone, still, speaking in favour of liberty, and as an act of mere justice to the memory of our fathers, I should yet have run the risk of incurring the charge of presumption from your correspondent, and persevered in so doing. Happily no such temerity was necessary. The humblest member of the community might venture to pronounce that decision overstrained and unsound, when in order to do so he had only to agree with opinions which had had, up to that time, the support of the majority of the legal profession, the sanction, after repeated arguments, of the Supreme Court of New-York, and of the Legislature of that State, as well as of those of New Jersey, Vermont, Maine, and Massachusetts.

If I erred on this point, I erred certainly in very respectable company, if that be a matter of any consequence in the eyes of your correspondent.

It was not, however, wholly on the ground of a disregard of law, and of that little spark of liberty which even the Constitution of 1789 contains, that I called this act of Judge Story's infamous. I alluded also to the fact that, as a magistrate, he thereby gave his countenance and aid in returning fugitive slaves to their masters. No oath of office, no obligations to the Constitution of the United States, can excuse an outrage on justice or humanity. The magistrate does not cease to be a man; and neither the man nor the magistrate can shield his wrong acts from censure, by alleging that he thought them right. The course of any Judge, no matter how pure his private character, no matter how high his fame as a jurist, who helps a master to regain his slave, shall, whether he be living or dead, be branded as infamous, so far as my voice and pen can effect it.

Your correspondent professes to be an Anti-Slavery man. I am afraid his love for the slaves is displayed only by constant criticism of what he deems the faults of their friends. Certainly his allusion to Clarkson and Wilberforce as men "who *subdued* opposition by gentleness, and *disarmed* enemies by soft answers," shows a singular ignorance of the lives of men, one of whom so outraged the public opinion of Liverpool, that they tried to throw him into the dock; while the other, within ten years of his death, was denounced on the floor of Parliament by a Prince of the Blood, as "a gray-haired fanatic." The lapse of a generation has worked its usual miracles, and changed those whom the fathers thought "knaves and madmen," into martyrs and saints for the sons. But the record of their unpopularity is the most interesting page of their lives: and the times are such, that no man must be allowed to rob us of the support of such examples.

Your obedient servant,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NAHANT, September 2, 1846.

The following is the letter referred to in the communication of Wm. W. Brown in the last Standard:

From the Patriot.

TO WM. BROWN AND DR. HUDSON.

GENTLEMEN:—"Consistency is a jewel." If you are for dissolving the Union—for no Government—no ballot-box—no politics—no Liberty party—why not say so out and out to all the people? Show your hand—nail your colours to the mast-head—let us have no shuffling and double-dealing. Let us understand each other, for as you say, for all you do against Slavery, we bid you a hearty God-speed.

James C. Jackson and myself frequently cross your path, and, if rightly informed, you depend on Liberty party men to get up your meetings, put up at their houses, live on their money, and are supposed by them to be Liberty party men yourselves—while if we understand you, you are the sworn foes of this party, and doing all in your power to sap its foundation, affirming it to be one of Slavery's allies. Now, gentlemen, in the name of consistency and honesty, I protest against this course. Let me not be misunderstood. Sow your doctrines broad-cast, if you will—"dissolve the Union" without political action, if you can; but do not ask Liberty party men to support YOU, that you may destroy THEM, without letting them know what you are about. Against this I protest. And until this matter is set right, I call on all true Liberty party men to give Dr. Hudson and Wm. Brown, "a good letting alone."

C. C. FOOTE,
Western New-York.

From the True American.

MAINE.

We said long ago, that no true reform on the subject of Slavery could be accomplished until the free States were prepared to do their whole duty.

This fact is beginning to be felt in New England. The dictation of Southern perpetualists has forced them to see it in its true light. New Hampshire has already recoiled from the embrace of South Carolina; and Maine, unless we mistake all the signs of the times, will soon follow suit.

The New England people remember, when our Constitution was formed, that Slavery was forever excluded, by solemn ordinance, from *all* the territory of the Union, except those States wherein it existed; and that the nation, as a nation, was neither called upon nor expected to support, or extend, the Institution. It was left exclusively to the States themselves.

They have seen since then Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas, added to this Union by purchase or conquest, giving ten Senators and thirteen Representatives to the slave power. They have seen this new power standing upon the ground of *perpetualism*, usurping authority, and controlling the patronage, as well as the legislation of the National Government, denying the right of petition, gagging the Press, and squandering the revenue of the nation in wanton war. And now they behold in the Southwest a mighty army arrayed, to acquire new territory out of which to build up new slave States, and a Southern President spending more invisibly than ever, the blood and treasure of the nation, to acomplish this object.

And whence this abuse of human right—this sacrilegious disregard of the injunctions of our fathers—this wanton violation of the fundamental principles of our Constitution? From the submission of the North and the West! Let them stand, even now, upon this platform, *that no more slave territory shall be added to the Union*—let the people of the free States, of all parties, unite upon this doctrine, and elect men to Congress who will sternly enforce it, and the power of Slavery will totter and fall, as sure as we live.

We look to Maine with hope. She cannot but follow the example of New Hampshire. If she does, New England will present a united front. And then New-York, Illinois, and Ohio, will join her, making sure the great victory yet to be won in behalf of human freedom.

Up, friends, and to the work. Battle together, and bravely for life and liberty!

From the Cincinnati Gazette, August 26.

HARDSHIPS OF THE WAR.

About sixty of the Ohio volunteers returned from the Rio Grande yesterday.

They give sad accounts of the condition of things there. Fare intolerable; sickness extensive; work hard; climate bad. General Taylor gave them permission to return on account of sickness. He is willing to part with more. Government has poured in upon him more troops than he knows what to do with.

The following is an extract of a letter from one of the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, dated Camp Belknap, opposite Barita, July 29th, 1846, to his friend in Cincinnati:

"We left the mouth of the Rio Grande the next morning after I sent you my last pencil scrawl. We did not start till the sun was five hours high, and were compelled to march thirteen miles in the hottest part of a very hot day, through swamps and chapparel; sometimes wading in two feet water and three of mud, and a pretty-looking set we were. A steamboat took up the heavy baggage; we beat her by two hours; we then had to carry all of our baggage upon a bluff, about a mile and a half back of the river, and there pitch our tents. The next day we pushed half a mile further from the river, and with axes and spades, commenced clearing a camping ground for the whole regiment. We had a tall time in clearing out the chapparel, full of snakes, frogs, lizards, and turtles, (or gophers, as they call them here.) We had one good mess of soup, however.

"We are now encamped two miles from the river, from which we have to carry all our water in camp kettles. We are literally hewers of wood and carriers of water, and "nothing else." The water is very muddy, and much worse than the Missouri; but we are glad to drink it, mud and all, considering the distance we have to carry it, the scorching weather, and the salt provisions. Our food is abominable; when you break a biscuit, you can see it move, (if the critters are not dead, from eating bad flour.) The pork and bacon are of the same character. We would not mind this so much, if they would only serve us out enough: we do not get half rations, and were it not for the wild beef we shoot, we should starve.

"We expect to remain here for two months. Musquitoes abound, the "boys" are getting homesick, and trying every way to get discharged. We have a great many sick; out of nine in our mess, five are sick, one of whom we think cannot recover; a case of yellow fever is reported in Barita. Some of the "boys" who used to sing

'Rio Grande I would I were upon your banks,'

now reverse the case, and wish they were three thousand miles away from it." * * * G. R.

From the Essex Register.

INTELLECT OF THE NEGRO RACE.

Of the numberless arguments, adduced by the enemies of emancipation to justify the enslavement of the sons of Africa, none is more frequently broached, and none at the same time more palpably unfounded, than that the negro is naturally inferiour. Even if the premises were granted—by what logical process can the conclusion be sustained? Does it follow that the man of inferiour mental endowments must be the abject slave of him, whose mental power is superiour? Is the man of sharp mental acumen, and penetrating intellect, to lord it, and tyrannize over those, less happily endowed? Is the ignorant man to be the slave of the intelligent, the savage of the civilized? It is at once absurd and foolish to advance such a theory; for were it practically enforced, not even those who now prate so loudly about the natural inferiority of the negro, would longer retain their personal freedom, for, as a general remark, they are not the men of vigorous intellect and giant mind. Hence, we apprehend that the promulgators of this theory would be the very last to wish to translate it into action. But enough of this; we deny the assumption, which lies at the bottom of this theory, that the negro is by nature inferiour.

The intellect of a savage race cannot be measured till their powers of mind are developed and expanded by mental culture. Effort is preliminary to attainment. No criterion exists by which we can measure the mental power of a man, whose life has been passed amid influences adverse to intellectual effort. Whatever may be a man's mental endowments,—how naturally brilliant and powerful soever may be his mind—he will become gradually assimilated to those among whom he lives. Placed among half-civilized beings—he partakes in and enjoys their pastimes; among intellectual and civilized men, he gradually divests himself of his habits of barbarism, and casts aside those bestial and degrading habits, characteristic of savages. Till, then, the savage is brought within the reach of influences calculated to develope and expand his powers,—we are incompetent to judge of his intellectual calibre. So long as their minds are shrouded in superstition and ignorance—so long as the foot of the oppressor is planted firmly upon their necks,—and so long as no efforts are made, either to leave them free to set about their own emancipation from the thraldom of ignorance, or to strike from them the galling chains of Slavery,—we have nothing to guide us in our estimate of their capacity. Such, precisely, being the condition of the sable sons of Africa, at the present moment,—being alike denied their personal freedom, and the means of intellectual and moral culture—we should far overstep the limits of our knowledge, were we to judge them an inferiour race. Nothing, therefore, can be argued unfavourable to the negro's mental power, in his present unenlightened state; and we now assert, that the united testimony of all history and experience goes to prove that the negro is on an equality with the other races of men,—in respect of mental endowments. Take but a single instance in ancient history,—the Carthagenian nation,—and the candid reader will yield the point. From the smallest beginnings becoming one of the mightiest nations of antiquity, Carthage will forever remain on the page of history, a monument of the capacity of the negro race. And every page of history confirms the truth, that with equal advantages, the negro is capable of equal attainments; but having already spun this dull essay to an unreasonable length, we leave our readers to supply the omission of further citations.

Let us strive to remove the causes of the negro's degraded state—to break the chains of his enslavement, and to open the way, for the peaceable reign of intelligence and Christianity in his mind and heart. "So shall the blessing of those who are ready to perish, come upon us, and God, even our own God shall cause his face to shine and his richest consolation to inhabit our hearts."

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

VOLUNTARY SLAVERY.

The pro-slavery papers are delighting themselves with an incident that occurred at Bedford Springs a short time since. It appears that a slave who had escaped from her master and was on the way North, changed her mind, and went back voluntarily into Slavery. This incident calls from a correspondent of the Baltimore *American* the account of another incident of somewhat similar nature. This incident happened in Maryland a short time

is thus told by the writer, who signs himself "A Friend to Truth."

The woman had been free, and had lived for years in that neighbourhood, and was esteemed as a faithful, good servant by all who knew her. Under the hopes excited by some of the professed teachers of discontent, (the Abolitionists we mean) this woman had been induced to go to Pennsylvania, a "free State," where she was to be much better off, and much more happy! She went and remained some three years, and getting heartily tired of the change, returned to her old home. Here she resided contented until some evil-disposed person finding that the law forbid the return of a free negro to the State, threatened to have her arrested and sold again. Under these circumstances, the woman was waited on by numbers of those who had formerly known her, and urged to return, otherwise she would be sold as a slave under the law. No persuasion, however, could induce her to return. She declared she would rather be a slave here, than go back to her *abolition friends*. After waiting for weeks, hoping that she might be persuaded to leave the State, the Sheriff was finally compelled to arrest her, and she was thus to be sold *solely because she preferred remaining as a slave in her old country, to going back to enjoy the sweets of liberty* among those who claim to be such disinterested philanthropists and friends of the coloured people.

Statements of this kind are so contrary to every one's knowledge of human nature, that they should be received with many grains of allowance. That such instances have happened, we will not, however, deny. But what are they among so many? Of the thousands who have escaped from Slavery, how many have voluntarily returned? If the returning or not returning of freed or runaway slaves shows anything about Slavery, it shows most conclusively that "fanatical Abolitionists" have neither "entirely misunderstood" nor "grossly misrepresented" its horrors.

Every Anti-Slavery man at the North admits that there are many kind masters at the South. It would be monstrous if there were not. But Heaven help the poor slave from "the tender mercies" of most of them. If those who have so high an opinion of the beauties of "the domestic institution" are sincere in their assertions that the slaves prefer bondage to freedom, why not propose to their Southern brethren to give the slaves an opportunity to express *their* opinion upon the matter? Let the decree go forth throughout *slavedom* that every "human chattel" might go to the North and be free, or stay at the South and remain a slave. This will settle the question at once. If slaveholders will just make this experiment, we venture to say that the "fanatical Abolitionists" will cease farther agitation, and allow the former to hold, peaceably and quietly, all slaves that choose to remain in bondage.

Communications.

Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

No. II.

1st. *Statistics of coloured Seamen in the United States.*—It has always been to me a matter of surprise why measures have not been taken long since to ascertain, if possible, the number of coloured seamen in the United States. Thousands of our people have lived and died in the naval service; and many of our fathers, brothers, and friends, yet live to tell the tales of their perilous adventures. As I have said, very little, if anything, is recorded in history as to the active part our people took in the great struggle for national rights. So that so far as my knowledge extends, I am only enabled to present such facts as will confirm whatever may appear to some minds to be doubtful.

In the debates of the New-York Convention, for amending the Constitution of the State, in 1821, Dr. Clarke, the delegate from Delaware county, speaking of the coloured inhabitants, said: "In the war of the Revolution these men helped to fight your battles by land and sea. In the late war they contributed largely towards some of your most splendid victories. On Lakes Erie and Champlain, our fleets were manned in a large proportion with coloured men."

Governor Morrill, of New-Hampshire, in a speech in Congress, in 1820, said: "Your soldiers of colour have fought your battles. They have defended your country, they have preserved your privileges, but they have lost their own."

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in support of Slavery, made the following remarkable admissions:—"They (the coloured people) were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all, the labourers of our armies—to their hands were owing the greater part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the inexperience an untried valour of our citizens, immortality to the American arms."

The late venerable James Forten, of Philadelphia, a man of colour, (says the editor of the Emancipator,) "has told us that he himself, with nineteen other coloured men, enlisted on board of the "Royal Louis," under Captain Decatur, was taken prisoner, and confined for seven months in the horrible old Jersey prison ship."

"In 1812, when war broke out with England, this country (United States) looked around for strength. She looked not to white men only, but to coloured men, and I volunteered in her service. We were taken by the Sea-Horse Frigate, and carried into Halifax, and from there to Dartmoor prison. Fifteen hundred coloured men were there, prisoners of war to England; and in the same prison with them were three thousand whites."—*Speech of George R. Wilson, December* 27, 1841.

David Roberts attested to the truth of Mr. Wilson's statements, with respect to imprisonment at Dartmoor. He was taken from on board the merchant ship, Bristol-Trader, and carried prisoner to England, where he remained two years. He mentioned the names of several fellow prisoners which were familliar to Wilson.

Mr. Wilson's estimate of the whole number imprisoned at Dartmoor is incorrect. Mr. John D. Toy, author of "A Green Hand's First Cruise," who was also a prisoner of war to England, says: "My number was six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, which shows how many prisoners preceded me in the dismal abode I was about entering; and that during the five months of his imprisonment, (up to the ratification of peace between England and the United States,) several small detachments of prisoners were coming in," so that the whole number could not have been less than seven thousand.

As to the number (one thousand five hundred) of coloured men imprisoned at Dartmoor, I have reason to believe Mr. Wilson is nearly correct; others have stated the number at two thousand, and from the information I have gathered from Mr. Charles Blake, and others, who have suffered in Dartmoor prison, I am satisfied the number could not have been less than fifteen hundred. And here I repeat it, that historians have not done us justice. Mr. Cooper, in his "Naval History," and the author of "A Green Hand's First Cruise," both have studiously avoided noticing the coloured sailor in his voluntary efforts to maintain and defend the principles of the Declaration of American Independence.

If, in the time of war, fifteen hundred coloured men were made prisoners of war to England, what must have been the whole number in the then naval service? According to the usages of war, we will suppose that each nation loses one-third by death and imprisonment; this would give us four thousand five hundred, but certainly not less than four thousand coloured sailors. And is it not also reasonable and fair to suppose that, at that time, more than one-third of our marine force were coloured men? And is not also just and equitable to award to the noble and brave coloured sailor, the title, defender of his country and the right arm of our nation's commerce? It is but a poor tribute to boast of, and I feel ashamed of my country's treachery when I reflect that in this same war with Great Britain the United States settled the question that her commerce should be free and her sailors protected in their rights as American citizens. In that great struggle for national rights, and when this infant republic looked to our gallant little navy for protection, the coloured sailor was not found wanting. When that beautiful motto of FREE TRADE and SAILOR'S RIGHTS, was run up to the main truck of every ship of war, and flowing to the pure breeze of heaven, they entered the service, nobly fought by the side of Decatur, Perry, and others, sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country, and eventually secured to every white American citizen, and NATURALIZED FOREIGNER, (who fought against the liberties of the country,) rights, privileges, and immunities, which alas the coloured sailors do not now enjoy!

It is now more than thirty-one years since peace was proclaimed between England and this country: during which time the United States has rapidly increased in population and commerce, the arts and sciences, and extended her territory to the base of the Rocky mountains, she is growing with her growth, and strengthening with her strength: and with the piercing eye and sagacity of that noble bird, the eagle, the emblem of our country's pride, she has penetrated through and is now settling Oregon, the once disputed territory, and will eventually (if not already) plant the national standard on the shores of the Pacific ocean.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1846.

"One Idea."

When the pro-slavery Northerner has exhausted the whole vocabulary of legal and constitutional objection, when he has been hunted from one cavern to another in the dreary limbo of common-place, he snatches up this phrase—"*men of one idea*"—and, brandishing it in the face of his pursuer, stands despairingly at bay. It is the solitary piece of furniture in many an otherwise empty and altogether uninhabitable brain—one of those Protean contrivances which serves all turns, and which, assuming by day the appearance of a bookcase or wardrobe, subsides quietly, through the intermediate generic link of sofa, into a four-post bedstead by night. It is the mysterious and important "single gentleman," lodging in the upper chambers of many a skull whose windows would else show no gleam of comfortable light. It is the whole stock in trade of many a brilliant editor, and constitutes the ever original vitriol of his most "withering" and "excoriating" leaders. Men whose most bitter enemies could never accuse them of the possession of a single idea, exult over their neighbour whom they have convicted of having but *one*, no matter how good that one may be.

After a great deal of patient investigation and looking up of previous cases, we have discovered that there is only one class of persons, (and that a very small one,) against whom this indictment will lie. The men whose *one idea* is the advancement and elevation of their kind are the only ones who can be charged with this enormous offence against society with any chance of conviction. It tells with an equally deadly effect against the fiery Abolitionist, and the quiet disciple of Fourier. It is a crime of which only those unthrifts are found guilty who would frankly give themselves, and all they possess, to their kind. It is never laid at the door of those whose "conservative" system is to get as much as they can out of the world, and to pay as little for it as possible. William Lloyd Garrison, who has been content to sacrifice himself and to live poor and despised, if only one little corner of earth's wilderness may thereby be made to blossom like the rose when he is lying in his sacred grave, is a *man of one idea*. But Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and the rest who have laid their first and last fruits on the altar of personal ambition, who have squandered everything, even to their chance of being truly great men, for worthless blanks in the presidential lottery,—these are men of enlarged and patriotic views, eminent statesmen, yes, and philanthropists too, if loving *one* man sincerely and devotedly may win any title to the name.

But are Abolitionists fairly amenable to this heinous accusation? Are they men and women whose eyes are shut and sealed to all wrongs but those of the American slave? Persons of ordinary metaphysical acuteness would deny this *à priori*. All great reformatory ideas intersect each other at some one not distant point, and he who follows faithfully and unwaveringly the clue of one, must, of necessity, be brought sooner or later within the circumference of all the rest. It is not a matter of choice with such a person whether he shall become subject and vassal to a great thought or not. His fealty is of that sublimely simple and unconscious kind which planets pay to the law of gravitation. He cannot withdraw himself into a niggard darkness. He must receive the light of those central suns, and cannot refuse the beneficent growth and fertilization of which it is the necessary element. As well might Balaam have prophesied against the tents of Israel.

If it be true that Abolitionists are the slaves of *one idea*, how does it happen that all classes in the community, who have aught to lose by the bankruptcy of any ancient fraud whatsoever, oppose them with such instinctive bitterness? Their one idea must be, as the Germans say of their Goethe, a *many-sided* one. It must be of the nature of the perfect circle, which, geometers tell us, is only a kind of infinite polygon, despite its seeming rejection of all angles. The truth is, that the world sees very well the comprehensiveness of the Abolitionists, and hence its fear of them. In all ages, the profiters by the existing order of things have established a moral and intellectual curfew, and visit with pains and penalties those who keep the light burning when they have decreed universal darkness. They are startled by the *one idea* of the Reformer, like the servants of the magnetic telegraph, when a flash of God's own lightning volunteers as courier, and, displacing the paltry messages of the exchange and the counting-room, leaps flaming in with news of Heaven itself.

The Abolitionists do not shut their eyes to the existence of every other evil except Slavery. They are mostly men and women who have seen the young age, that should be the pupil of an aspiring Present, and the architect of a divine Future, guided aimlessly along by a blind and dotard Past, as an innocent child is led by a drunken father, and they have sprung forward instinctively to free it from that degrading and dangerous tutelage. They have come to the rescue, it may be, with no matured plans, but surely the first step—the rescue itself—must be granted as necessary. They are told by the wily conservators of old abuses, to endeavour after more philosophic views. But what is more philosophical than to be practical, and what more practical than to attack the grossest form of Slavery first, which being cleared away, the others will be more easily come at? Experience has not taught them to begin their pyramid at the apex. What, then, is their remedy? It has, at least, the merit of simplicity. The only cure they know of for any crime or any blunder, is forthwith *to cease committing it*. In an action at common law, a defendant may confess and avoid, as it is called, but in these suits before the great bar of humanity, mere confession is not enough. There is a sneaking kind of intimacy between *con*-fession and *pro*-fession, and both are pleasant opiates for easy and obese consciences, but nothing short of an absolute relinquishment of the offence will clear the skirts of the offender. Abolitionists are the last persons in the world to be muzzled with phrases. Philosophy is very good in its way, but is too apt to be of that cynical sort which may trace its pedigree up to the famous dog Brag of the proverb. Men pay a dear price for the title of active reformers, while the name of philosopher is cheap the world over. To secure the latter distinction one has but to sit dreamily, like the passive gods of Epicurus, sipping the spectral nectar of enchanting speculation, till he quite forgets the wrong and horror which writhes and shrieks at an inaudible depth below his cloudy Olympus. Our own age is not the first in which indifference has filched the cloak of Plato, and lounged against the pillars of the portico, or delivered oracles from the academic grove.

Where is the proof that Abolitionists are men of *one idea?* Is it in their having got free of that *one idea* of self, to which the world is so agreeably devoted? If they be narrow, as James F. Clarke finely said once, it is as God's lightning is narrow. Has their abandonment to their great cause made them less worthy citizens, or less eager servants of kindred reforms? Have Ellis Gray Loring's pleas been less able, less logical, less instinct with calm and genial eloquence, when the slave has been his fortunate client? Does the cause of associative industry owe nothing to that crystal soul of W. H. Channing? When has the gallows tottered as under the blows of Burleigh? Has temperance a more unflinching advocate than Quincy, or peace than Ballou? Did the cause of woman suffer when Maria Chapman gave her eminent abilities to the kindred cause of Anti-Slavery? Did Whittier's lyre lose one of those iron chords, that clang as if woven from half-repentant swords and spears, when he stood fearlessly in the front of the battle? Do less angelic shapes throng that serene retirement of Emerson's, when he returns from the Anti-Slavery platform? Did the muse of Longfellow lose her cunning when she walked (alas, for too short a space!) chaste and beautiful as Ruth, among the swart and sweating reapers of our harvest-field? Do Stone and Weiss less grace and dignify the pulpit because they have thought that God's word could be preached also from the rostrum of the Anti-Slavery meeting? Does the business of Francis Jackson or Edward Davis suffer for their energetic and unwearied zealousness in our cause?

No. The streams of all inspiration and of all capacity for good, flowing often in opposite directions, and divided by long intervals, do yet surely spring from one central and perennial fountain. It is to this that all earnest seekers come at last, and here, for the first time, they behold, unveiled, the countenance of the infinite and all-embracing Unity.

Casta placent superis; purâ cum veste venite,
Et castis manibus sumite *Fontis* aquam. L.

The Horns of the Altar.

The Church has two apocalyptic horns, from one to the other of which, after the manner of a dilemma, it is wont to toss the movements which originate beyond its pale. Writing of dilemmas, we smile, the word so forcibly reminds us of the Church; that is to say, not the Church proper, but that improper Church whose front is rugged with the aforesaid apocalyptic horns.

Let no pious and respectable dailies accuse us of using the word *apocalyptic* with sinister design. It is true, the book of Revelation speaks of a beast, "and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon." A morbidly sensitive mind might interpret this to symbolize the union of stupidity and venom, but we disclaim the wish to raise this association. Improper, indeed, must that Church be, to whom this could with justice be applied. Its good points, though five in number, would hardly save it. No, we do not wish to be abusive, but respectable, and when we refer to apocalyptic horns, we only mean to indicate a brace of arguments—we will not say pro-slavery—we wish to be respectable—but so dubious, so inexplicable, that the epithet apocalyptic and apocryphal beside, hardly gives a notion of their misty uncertainty. That is all.

At present we will saw off only one of the aforesaid horns, and let the victim run. The Abyssinians cut their steaks from the flanks of the living animal, and turn him off to ruminate till the next emergency of hunger. Rumination does not restore the purloined steak, but it sometimes renovates weak spots in a sickly establishment.

But just as we are about to take this matter by the horns, we grow suddenly serious, since we remember that there is such a thing as holding a very weak position with a sincerity of motive worthy of a better object. We do not attempt to judge the arguer, but his argument.

It is impossible to imagine a reform that can be so organized and administered as to suit all parties in Church or State. Exceptions will be taken to the infirmities of its supporters, to the tone of its agitation, to its definite mode of action; and men, who are not a whit less infirm as defenders of the faith, no less sparing of invective, no less troubled with acerbity, will detect an enormous beam in the eye of the reformer, and add moreover to their want of charity, that want of insight which confounds the method of a reform with its genuine idea. And if the Anti-Slavery Society had Gabriel for it President, and the Apostles for lecturers, and all the saints in the calender for an executive board, the Church, which claims a monopoly of saints and apostles, would find it hardly calm and respectable enough for its own co-operation.

Now, without feeling it necessary to confess any sins, as we do not claim, in view of our simple humanity, to be immaculate, we insist upon the point that the pure Anti-Slavery idea compromises every man, in some way, to co-operation. It is based upon the eternal principles of right, it coincides with the Christianity the Church professes, and is forever distinct from the men and measures of the movement it inspires. Not that many of the men and most of the measures are not so congenial with its pure idea, that to name them would not be equivalent to naming that also; but an idea is always purer than the expression it acquires, and therefore we protest against any set of men evading their own responsibility to that idea, by cavilling at its expression. It is the commonest argument of *soi disant* religious men. It is as old as the jest on Pentecost that the Eleven were drunk—nay, as old as that Pharisaic felicity by which the people were blandly assured that Jesus had a devil.

Did any reform ever escape this accusation? Was Jesus the only person ever moved to cry "oh generation of vipers"? Was it possible to preserve a perfect equanimity amid the jeers of scribes and lawyers, and the whistling of stones cast by a fickle mob set on by wire-pullers of the strictest sect? Is not the mingled love and indignation of a Christ the condition of a great reform? To us it seems that his gentle persuasion would have been incomplete without his stern rebuke. It is sad and painful if rebuke ever degenerates into violence and personality; and yet, for our part, we should not desire to call the time-servers in the Church worse than vipers, if we were sure they were so. And time-serving is an evangelic sin.

It has been well said—and by accident in a religious magazine—"he who says nothing about Slavery, except that many of its opposers are wild and intolerant, manifests in another form the narrowness and error which he condemns. Though you could prove that all Abolitionists are madmen, and all non-resistants fools, and total abstinence suicide and murder, it would not be the only truth, nor the greatest truth, in regard to Slavery, War and Drunkenness." This is the least that can be said; and its truth suggests another yet more positive, that the possessors of those ideas can be neither fools nor madmen, except to those who, singularly obnoxious to the very insinuations they indulge, call prophecy new wine.

The most subtle selfishness of our time is that which gets its arguments from taste. We have heard young men of good taste, oppose the Anti-Slavery reform at the expense of their integrity. They will have nothing to do with such a shocking movement, or such a hirsute set of prophets. They will not bear the free and easy talk of Anti-Slavery platforms. If they get soundly drubbed for their apathy, they cry so loudly at the chastisement that you would think an injured virtue sought redress. If an egged and goaded editor or lecturer drops a rasping word or two, a highly cultivated taste petulantly draws on its gloves, and regrets that such a nuisance should come "between the wind and his nobility." But what can be worse taste than to ignore a great idea, because it has not found a perfectly æsthetic and unexceptionable expression? Do you criticise the musician? Come, play better yourself. Let us see your way.

And this demand generally reveals the weak point of these exquisites. They have no genuine love for the idea itself. They are not filled and fired with its truth and beauty. They are not the men to renounce all things, even taste itself, and bear the odious cross of a great reform. They make their taste the ready plea for their indifference. They deny their own insight, for they cannot help seeing how valid is the idea itself; they renounce their own integrity, for even the worst conscience is more imperative than the finest taste.

And the Church fosters this propensity. It gets John put in prison because he has "raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins." We can imagine the unfledged lawyers and the Hebrew dandies sniffing at the rude prophet's seathing speech, winged with his locust diet, and frequenting his audiences to gather matter for a jest. We hear them murmuring soft assent to the tasteful expounder of the law, who, battlemented in his pulpit, warns them against unapprobated preachers, and enjoins them to "comprehend all vagrom men." Comprehend, indeed! If they had only done so!

We really believe it, then, to be a fact, that people allow themselves to object so strongly to men and measures, that they lose sight completely of ideas. It is a vicious and selfish habit which deprives us we will not say of ardent co-operation, but of their honest private effort. They do not elevate and purify opinion in their circle, but rather assist in farther debasing it. A Christian influence against Slavery fails to be consolidated, because of the "peculiar institution" of their taste. We recommend, then, that the clergy should preach on the ensuing Thanksgiving—not to desecrate the Sabbath—from the significant text: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."—J. W.

The "Respectable Daily."

The Boston Daily Advertiser, which is known in Massachusetts as the "Respectable Daily," because—to reverse the couplet upon King Charles—

"It never *did* a foolish thing,
And never *said* a wise one;"

but, like the majority of its readers, prides itself upon its well-bred repose, which is only dullness, and its respectable conservatism, which is only stolid selfishness, has been enlivened by an attack upon Wendell Phillips. The article takes for its text the following words of Mr. Phillips, from some remarks of his on an opinion of the city Solicitor in relation to coloured schools: "Even Story sullied at last the lustre of a long life by a decision, the infamy of which even his large services cannot hide." And it is no less remarkable for its virulence than for the writer's ignorance of what he is talking about, for while the latter is so great that in the first paragraph he shows that he absolutely does not know what point was decided, and what principle was established, in the Prigg case, so the article teems with the most bitter personal invective of Mr. Phillips, and the most unscrupulous abuse of the Abolitionists at large. The spirit which pervades it throughout forces us to the conviction that it is the production of some second or third rate lawyer, who is envious of Mr. Phillips's fame as a man of surpassing eloquence, and of his reputation as a sound constitutional lawyer—notwithstanding he does practise at the Bar—or else that it comes from some one who at some former period of his life has been an Abolitionist, but who, too weak to bear the popular odium which the name would then bring upon him, and too witless to see that such a cause must eventually triumph, became an apostate. It is not uncommon with such people, while mourning their mistake in secret, and goaded by the consciousness of their own baseness, to attempt to throw obstacles in the way of those whom they have betrayed, while at the same time they will make use of them whenever the opportunity offers to bring themselves into notoriety or popular regard, whether it be by catering to the prejudice against them, or taking advantage of the sentiment they have created. We will venture to predict that, when it shall be known who is the author of the article, this will be recognized as a true portrait of him.

With the argument of the article itself—if there can be said to be any—we shall not meddle. Mr. Phillips, we understand, has answered, or is about to answer it. Should we get it in season, we shall publish both it and that to which it is a reply, in next week's Standard.

In the meantime we congratulate the readers of the *Advertiser* on the remarkable liveliness displayed by that sheet on two consecutive days of last week. Like the warm weather, it is unprecedented within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The article of its correspondent was followed the next day by an editorial of the editor, in which he announced to his readers the singular discovery, that the American people are given to an "exaggerated style of assertion and remark," and to the daily use of falsehood to advance the truth; in illustration of which he cites the immediate retraction of an imputation in the Standard the moment it was found to be erroneous! However, the Advertiser has learned at last that the Anti-Slavery cause is "a great moral reform." We announce the fact with pleasure. We do not now even despair that our respectable contemporary will learn in the course of the next ten or fifteen years that the only class of people in this country who do not make "exaggerated statements," who keep to the plain truth, and who repudiate the common religious cant and the loud boast of liberty and equality, which so characterize this slaveholding and slavery-ridden people, are the Abolitionists.

P. S. Since the above was in type—for the last paper, out of which it was crowded—the article of Mr. Phillips has been received. Both it and that to which it is a reply, will be found on the first page.

The Journal of Commerce and the Slavery Question.

We fear that injustice has been done, in times past, to that singularly evangelical and excellent sheet, the *Journal of Commerce*. No Northern paper has been so distinguished for its uniform and uncompromising hostility to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, but it has been supposed that it did so, not so much from a hatred of the truth, as from a determination to keep on the popular side of the question. We must, we fear, give up this notion, which left us at least the hope that the *Journal* would grow virtuous, when it was sure it could make anything by it. Its last testimony, which will be found in the pro-slavery columns of to-day's paper, leaves us no other alternative than to believe it sincerely wicked, and that a love of tyranny, for its own sake, is its nature; that Slavery is its darling sin, the defence of which nothing will tempt it to abandon; that dear as dollars are to its soul—if it is proper to use the word in such a connection—it would rather never count another, than see a slave freed. The abolition of Slavery would, we have no doubt, cause it more real unhappiness than any other event that could possibly happen, and should it be without any of the frightful results which it has so often predicted, we question whether it could possibly survive it. Talk of fanaticism! Such fanaticism as this is almost beyond belief. It shouts with the rapture of a demon over human suffering. It snuffs human blood with the appetite of a tiger. The groans of crushed and down-trodden humanity are sweetest music to it. It cannot hide under its tone of sniffling piety, that, with all the strength of its malicious heart, it loathes with the most refined and concentrated hatred every human creature that wears a coloured skin. It would visit them, and all who befriend them, if it could, with an eternity of Slavery. It is downright madness. It raves and gibbers like a maniac, at any attempt to snatch out of its sight the victims, in whose sufferings it finds such devilish satisfaction. And how one possessed of it should have lived a lifetime off of a Southern plantation, is a marvel. The thumb-screw, and the bloody cart-whip, the branding-iron, and the hissing, curling flesh of the slave, are the sights in which his eyes would have delighted, and with which his hands would have rejoiced to have been acquainted. He has a *genius* for cruelty, which languishes for opportunity of practical development in the dull North.

The drift of this last article of the *Journal* is, that no "*plan*" is offered by the "mean and miserable railers," who ask for the abolition of Slavery. As if a plan were not the very thing it most dreads to see! Why, the very thing that the whole article is fighting against, is the "*plan*" which it asks for; and that it knows full well, and even proves. "Nothing," it says, "can really abolish Slavery, and extirpate its poisonous roots from society, but the construction of society upon one broad platform of social and political equality." Exactly so. And how shall it be done? By the reformation of the public sentiment. And this the Journal sees is doing all over the free States. Here is the root of the evil in the North, as that paper shows so conclusively. And here must the work of reformation begin. The *Journal* knows it, and sees how rapidly the work is progressing, and thereupon cries out, "let public sentiment alone;—you can't abolish Slavery by changing that." As if social and political equality were ever created in any other way than by creating public sentiment!

But the difficulties are "so great that no *human* wisdom can tell how they are to be overcome;" the two races are "separated from each other by the *impassable* gulf of colour;" "the increase of education, taste, and *advance of Christian feeling*, is rendering this gulf *wider* every year;" "the coloured race must *always*, in this country, be a *degraded, down-trodden, down-sinking* race;" "philanthropy, *religion*, NOTHING in *human power can* change the ETERNAL DECREE." Yet the man who says all this, has the hardihood to pretend that he wants a "*plan*;" and that he has a "deep-seated abhorrence of Slavery!" Blasphemer! dare you abhor that which the Creator has established by an "eternal decree"? Dare you ask that the will of God be set aside?

But look once more at the logic of this fanatic. Five facts he sets down for the "great hearted" to grapple with. The first he has already said, "human wisdom" *cannot* grapple with, and unless he believes himself to be a liar, he would not propose it to human reason. The second and the fourth are the same thing, but differing a little in language; both these, as he says the second is, are the result of Slavery. The third fact has the same foundation. The fifth he acknowledges has no other. Now then here are three facts which go to make up Slavery, and each is the *result of Slavery itself*. Is he anything else than a fool or the wildest fanatic who asks you to remove the cause by removing the effects? Abolish Slavery, and his three facts disappear.

Will New Hampshire receive the emancipated slaves? As if the *emancipated* negroes would ever ask it of New Hampshire! The *slaves* would be glad to exchange even the "sunny South" and Slavery, for her bleak and barren hills, but *Freedom* and their Southern home, they would never leave for the cold and distant North. It is Slavery alone that may depopulate the South, not Freedom. Slavery drives the Randolph negroes from Virginia, and the pro-slavery of Ohio refuses them a home.

We are almost ashamed to reply ever so briefly to such an article as this. The day has gone by when it can can have much influence north of Mason and Dixon's line. Public sentiment already scouts such wretched sophistry as ridiculous, and ere long will learn to denounce it as atrociously wicked and inhuman.

A Southern Reformer.

We have received a newspaper, published in Mississippi City, Harrison county, called the STINGAREE, with this very attractive motto:—"*The World is my Country—and to do Good my Religion.*" There is some wit and cleverness in the paper, although it is most vilely printed, and the two great reforms advocated by the editor are the abolishment of all laws for the forcible collection of debt, and the removal of all restrictions on the Slave-Trade. We make an extract or two from the editor's introduction, as a curious specimen of Southern philanthropy:

"There being no difference, then, at birth, in the descendants of grandmother Eve,—all being born free and equal, as Jefferson says,—editors, preachers, and other political and religious schoolmasters, ought not selfishly confine their benevolent exertions to the enlightenment, edification, civilization, and fourierization, of mere nations, tribes, sects, and parties. All men having, originally, one and the same mother—all being brethren—that is, all white men—it is the duty of every philanthropist to labour, for the welfare, benefit, moral and physical, of the whole human race—dandies included."

The constitutional belief in the equality of all men, provided they are "white complected," is very national and democratic.

"We are in favour of repealing the laws against the African Slave-Trade. Every freeman ought to have a slave to wait on him. The price of negroes is altogether too high. By removing existing restrictions, the traffic would immediately be re-commenced by Northern Abolitionist ship-owners,—hundreds of thousands of woolly-heads would be imported into the country, prices would fall, and every gentleman loafer would have a darkey to clean his old clothes, and shave him on Sundays. You would n't see so many ruffle-shirted paupers then, as you do now, marrying deformed, useless, puny, piano-thrumming misses, for their filthy Ethiopians.

"Instead of our national vessels being employed in time of peace in suppressing the African Slave-Trade, they should be employed in transporting slaves here, to be distributed to our poor folks."

The fling at Northern Abolitionist ship-owners is very natural, and very cutting; such a mistake is quite pardonable in a Southerner, when we see such a paper as the Commercial Advertiser, in this city, accusing Abolitionists of driving Randolph's slaves out of Ohio. The South will persist in calling Northern dough-faces Abolitionists, in the teeth of all their *pro*-slavery acts, votes, and speeches. We wish that there were as few *pro*-slavery men at the South, as there are Abolitionists at the North. It is very amusing to hear a Southerner complain that our national ships are employed in preventing the Slave-Trade, when the most powerful naval force that we have ever had afloat, is now in the Gulf of Mexico, engaged in protecting this traffic. The one sloop-of-war which our Government has hitherto jocosely sent to the coast of Africa, bears about the same relation to the frigates, steamers, gun-boats, sloops, and schooners, in the Gulf of Mexico, that Falstaff's loaf did to his intolerable quantity of sack.

The *Stingaree* has at the head of the column where political nominations are generally placed,—"For President, Elihu Burritt."—B.

Northern Coast-wise Slave-Trade.

THAT LONG, LOW, BLACK-LOOKING SCHOONER.—About two years ago a suspicious looking craft lay off our coast some weeks. No one was permitted to board her. After her departure several coloured persons were found to be missing, and no tidings have ever reached us of their whereabouts. That same schooner, or one very much like it, has of late been seen lying off Rockaway Beach. Only last week, three coloured women, and two coloured men, had, it is said, absconded. But their well known habits, and their attachment to Jamaica, the place of their birth, forbids the belief in such a report. They have been forcibly abducted—yes, stolen by Southern dealers in human flesh, and ere this have been sold like cattle in the Southern market.

In the vicinity of the coloured camp meeting, last week, two suspicious looking men were seen, armed with pistols and bowie-knives, who pretended to be officers from the city. No doubt they were hired ruffians, under pay from the Captain of the slave schooner. We have among us, too, men who are suspected of aiding in this nefareous business. The darkness of night is the favourite time for these dark-visaged fiends in human form to track the footsteps of our industrious and respectable coloured population, seize, and secretly convey them on board this suspicious vessel. Can any one explain the agonizing screams heard in the vicinity of Rockaway, about 3 o'clock, on Sunday morning last?

We urge all of our industrious, respectable coloured people, for their own safety, to keep within doors after sunset. What a horrible state of things!

We ask our readers to ponder seriously the above article from the *Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer*. We recollect that about two years since, a similar statement was made by that paper which we then also copied. As we stated then, so we repeat now, we have no doubt that this trade of kidnapping is carried on to some extent all along the Northern coast, in the larger cities and towns. It is not uncommon to hear of cases where attempts to carry off coloured people have been frustrated; of the successful attempts of course we know nothing. Indeed, we have been informed upon authority that could hardly be doubted, that many coloured people have been taken from this city, carried to the South, and sold as slaves; that a few at a time of the poor creatures have been enticed down the harbour, where they were shipped and secreted on board a schooner lying outside the Hook, till the requisite number, or as many as the scoundrels dared take at once, were obtained. Of course such deeds can only be done with the assistance of persons residing on shore, who know just who will be least likely to be missed, and who can therefore be taken with the best chance of impunity. Those the least able to protect themselves, and who are the most friendless, are probably most generally the victims.

Now, what is the remedy? "Stay within doors after sunset!" This is all that the press of Jamaica proposes. Twice within two years has a suspicious looking vessel appeared off that town, and remained there for some days. Nobody is permitted to board her, and she has no visible business. At the time of her first visit several coloured persons were missed, and have never since been heard from. During her present stay, several others are not to be found, and though from their general habits and character there is no reason to suppose so, yet the people content themselves with saying, that they must have absconded. "What a horrible state of things!" says the *Farmer*. Yet there lies the schooner, and below her decks are, no doubt, these very people. Jamaica, one would think, was a trading-post on the coast of Africa, without power, without a municipal government, or law, and inhabited by a people with hearts as hard as the nether millstone. The last at least is no doubt the fact. Yet should a *white* child be missing, we will venture to say that Long Island would be scoured from one end to the other till it was found, dead or alive. But these people are "niggers," and the kidnapping and selling them for slaves is only worthy of a passing notice in the newspaper. Two years hence the schooner will probably appear again, take another cargo, and the *Long Island Farmer* will record the fact, and advise those that are left to "keep within doors after sunset." What have we to do with Slavery when such is the state of popular feeling and morality within a few miles of the capital of the North?

GERRIT SMITH.—We record with pleasure a recent act of this gentleman, which we find related in a letter of the Utica correspondent of the Herald. We disagree on some important points with Mr. Smith as to our duty to the slave at the South, but his conduct towards the free coloured man, is worthy of all honour and praise:

"I have just seen a copy of a deed of some forty acres of land in Hamilton county, New-York, given by the celebrated landholder, Gerrit Smith, Esq. to a coloured man residing in that county. He has made out two thousand deeds of a similar character to the one I saw, conveying lands, from forty to fifty acres to each, as gifts to industrious coloured men in this State, and designs, I am informed, to make out one thousand more. The considerations in the deeds are as follows: 'For and in consideration of the sum of one dollar to me, in hand, paid, and being desirous to have all share in the subsistence and happiness which a bountiful God has provided for all, has granted, sold, &c.'

"What the value of these lands may be per acre, and whether sufficient to make all these two or three thousand men voters or not, I am unable to state. That it will make some of them such, there can be no doubt.

"You are aware, that during the past season, Mr. Smith has been selling off large portions of his vast landed property at auction. The present movement reduces his 800,000 and upwards of acres considerably, an object which he has long desired to accomplish."

Epigram.

On seeing the phrase "unenlightened labour," applied to Slavery, in Mr. Lawrence's letter to Mr. Rives.

What means this new phrase? Come, pray tell if you can, Sir,
Cries the reader in Lawrence's letters who delves;—
Labour on, my good friend, for a practical answer
Will occur when you've toiled through the letters themselves.

BUFFALO:—AGENT FOR THE STANDARD.—We have just received over twenty new subscribers from this place, by the hands of our indefatigable agents, Dr. Hudson, and Wm. W. Brown. We are authorized to state that friend WILLIAM CRONK will act as agent for us in that place, to whom we make our acknowledgments for the offer of his timely services. We are happy to add his name to our list.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. VI.

Commencement at Cambridge—Bad habits of weather—Defects of Meeting-house—The old Meeting-house—Washington—Dr. Appleton's three-fold text—Exclusion of wine from the dinner—Why it was not done before—Creative powers of Mr. Everett—The Phi Beta Kappa Society—Its origin and first purposes—Its secret character abolished, and why—The wine question debated—Spirited conduct of some members—The matter in the power of the college government—The suppression of this society advisable, and why—Mr. Sumner's oration—Judge Story—Dr. Channing—A. S. Testimonies of the orator and poet—Change in the complexion of the times—The Daily Advertiser, Wendell Phillips, and Judge Story—Example and definition of slip-slop—Judicial inviolability considered—Magnanimous conduct of the Advertiser in the premises—The editor and the commissionership—Touching self-devotion—The writer illustrateth by the example of Curtius, with the gloss of the latest commentator, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, September 10, 1846.

Since I wrote to you last, I have been to Commencement, at Cambridge. This annual festival, which was the grand event of the year a century since, though somewhat shorn of its former glories, is still a very interesting and attractive occasion. The weather was, unluckily, very bad. The rain poured in torrents, and the mud was such as none who has not had a four-years' experience of what Cambridge mud can be, as he ploughed through it to lecture or to chapel, can form any adequate idea of it. The weather was equally bad last year, so that there is reason to apprehend that Commencement is contracting a bad habit of being foul. The inauguration, too, of President Everett, was a bad day; which, taken in connection with the unfavourable nature of his first Commencement, looks as if his proverbial good luck was deserting him. But we will hope not.

Notwithstanding the weather, the church was entirely filled. It is a great pity that the corporation,* who had the building of the parish church in which the public days are celebrated, had not contrived it with some regard to the display of the audience. The galleries, which of course contain the most brilliant part of the auditory, seem to be made expressly for the purpose of concealing it. It takes greatly from the brilliancy of the effect. The old church, though it accommodated a much smaller number, afforded a much more striking *spectacle*, from the low front of the galleries, giving a view of the whole audience from almost any part of the house.

Ah! that good old meeting-house! Commencement has never seemed like Commencement since it was pulled down. There it was that Washington used to attend public worship during the siege of Boston; and the pew in which he sat was pointed out as long as it existed. There it was that Commencements were held for a century or more, when Commencement was the grand gala day of Massachuset

Arts. It is always a season of grateful re-union of old friends and classmates, many of whom meet on no other occasion. The presence of wine, in former years, was an offence to many, and prevented some of the more scrupulous from attending it. These conscientious men agreed with one of my own classmates, who replied when I asked him "why he did not attend the Commencement dinner?" "I do not like to see my old mother in her cups!" The old lady having, as it is understood, signed the pledge, there is nothing now to keep any of her children from her table. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Everett, who deserves high honour for his official efforts and his private example in this regard, that his administration should open with such beneficent auspices.

After dinner this gentleman gave a new example of that power of *creation* which he possesses in so eminent a degree; to wit, the power of making *something* out of *nothing*. Out of no more material than the fact that he had been able, after diligent search, to find no vestige of the name of Harvard in England, excepting the record of the name of our founder in the books of Emmanuel College, in Cambridge, until just as he was leaving the country, he chanced upon the sign of one "John Harvard, *lamp-maker*," in an obscure street in London, he made one of his happiest and most effective speeches. The fabric he conjured up with these slight ingredients for his magic, was so elegant and fairy-like, that it seemed as if he might have met, in this repository, with the veritable lamp of Aladdin himself.

The day after Commencement has been devoted, by a custom of more than sixty years, to the anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This is a college society, which was originally a branch of one in William and Mary College, in Virginia; but the parent stock being extinct, the Alpha, as it is called, of Massachusetts, is now the head of the family, which consists of five or six societies in as many colleges. It was originally, like other college societies, used for voluntary exercises in debating, composition, &c. of the under-graduates; but for many years, the only meetings held by the under-graduate members are those for the election of their successors. The usual number chosen from each class is sixteen, half at the end of the junior, and half at the end of the senior year. It is understood that they are the sixteen highest scholars in the class, though this rule is sometimes broken in upon either by mistake or design.

It used to be a secret society,—that is, a society with some foolish secrets. But about a dozen years ago, at the time of the anti-masonic excitement, a movement was made by ex-President Adams, Mr. Everett, and others, to have its constitution altered, in this respect; which, after some opposition, was accomplished. So that now any member who knows the secrets of the society, is at full liberty to impart his knowledge. But for my own part, they are entirely safe in my keeping; for I have utterly forgotten what they were.

An attempt was made at the business meeting of the society to procure a vote excluding wine from its dinners. A communication from President Everett, expressing the wish of the corporation to that effect, was laid before it. But a direct vote could not be obtained on the question, and the whole matter was referred to a committee to report next year. In the meantime, however, in consequence of the President's advice to the committee of under-graduates, who had charge of the dinner, no wine was furnished by the society; though some of the members fell back on their reserved rights, and provided themselves with "the liquor that they loved," on their own account.

This vindication of their "home-bred fire-side rights," as the Boston rumsellers used to call the privileges of selling and drinking rum, does not, of course, satisfy the request of the authorities of the University. It is not to be supposed that they will permit intoxicating liquors to be used at the dinner of a society for whose existence and good example they are responsible, after they have banished it from the college table. The society, being a college society, exists but by the permission of the government of the college. Having the power to destroy its life at any time, they clearly have the right to prescribe the terms on which it shall live.

This matter may, therefore, be considered as virtually settled by this interposition of the government of the college. Should any serious opposition be made to their reasonable requisition, it would give them an opportunity, which I cannot think they would be slow in improving, to dissolve the society. The existence of this society is, demonstrably, a serious injury to the college. It embraces a very small proportion of the Alumni, and is the source of a deep and widely spread dissatisfaction among the majority of the graduates. A dissatisfaction which necessarily produces disaffection towards the institution, which tolerates an odious distinction among its sons. The only argument in favour of its existence, is, that it is an incentive to exertion with the under-graduates. But, surely, though college honours may be very good things, they should end with graduation, and not extend over the whole of life. I venture to say that the college authorities could not do any act so generally popular among the mass of the graduates, as the suppression of the Phi Beta Kappa, and the substitution of the society embracing all the Alumni, in its place. I believe that it would meet with the approval of all the best part of the society itself. Though the numerical majority would, doubtless, go against the loss of the only distinction they possess, or can ever hope to obtain.

The oration of Mr. Charles Sumner was worthy of the high reputation he has already achieved for himself. It was a performance of great spirit and brilliancy. A distinguished member of the society, who has attended almost every anniversary since its affiliation, told me that he considered it the ablest oration he had ever heard before it. Though I can hardly coincide in this opinion, in its full extent, when I remember the discourses of Messrs. Everett, R. W. Emerson, L. Woods, Jr. Hillard, and others, still it was not unworthy to rank alongside of any of them. His subject was learning, law, art, and love, illustrated by the examples of John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing. The idea of treating the abstract thus in the concrete, was new and happy. He carried it out felicitously; though his plan, confining him to the selection of topics of eulogium alone, deprived him of the opportunity of displaying a skill which a nice discrimination of character, and the comparison of its shades with its lights, requires.

The praises he accorded to Mr. Pickering, and to Mr. Allston, would, probably, pass unquestioned by any one. But many might dissent from the exalted estimate he placed on the public services of Judge Story. Very few, I apprehend, out of the profession of the law, would agree with Mr. Sumner, in his appreciation of the general importance of Judge Story's labours on the bench, or as a writer of law-books; while very many must think that the terrible construction of the Constitution, which, as the mouth-piece of a slaveholding bench, he consented to utter, far outweighs any services he may have rendered the science of the law, which has no virtue or comeliness, excepting as it is the safeguard of rights and of liberty.

So of the Anti-Slavery services of the late Dr. Channing. Though he deserves high praise for what he did in this respect, it is not altogether the praise which Mr. Sumner accorded to him. He deserves high praise, but it is rather for his daring to do what he did, at a time when men of his high position in society, and particularly in his profession, were either mute or servile, than for the absolute effect of what he did upon the Anti-Slavery cause. Nor does the praise which I understood Mr. Sumner to give him, of being "one of the first" who agitated the Slavery question in this country, justly belong to Dr. Channing. The land was shaken from end to end by the agitation of others, before he made his appearance in the field. It was very creditable to him to have been ready to run the risk of being confounded, (as, notwithstanding all his cautious and even vehement reclamations, he sometimes was,) with the men who were turning the world upside down, in those days of pro-slavery fanaticism; but that rough handling, as it was then esteemed, which had just aroused the torpid nation to an angry consciousness, was no part of his mission, as he was always careful to make clear. Dr. Channing was the creature (as far as his Anti-Slavery action was concerned) of the Anti-Slavery movement,—not one of its creators. Had there been no GARRISON, and no FOLLEN, there would have been no CHANNING, in the annals of American Emancipation.

Mr. Sumner's oration was received with much enthusiasm, and long continued applause, notwithstanding his personal testimony against Slavery and War, was clear and emphatic. The poem of the Rev. James F. Clarke, too, was pronounced and distinct in its expression on the subject of Slavery. The change in public sentiment was most marked, as was observed at the time, since the house rang with applauses, ten years ago, at Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's allusions to the Abolitionists, in his witty poem. I was happy to know that there were a considerable number of slaveholders among the audience to be benefited by what was said, and by the manner in which it was received.

The only occurrence having any particular bearing upon the cause, since I wrote last, has been the appearance of an anonymous article in the Daily Advertiser, commenting on Wendell Phillips's remark, in his observations on the opinion of the city Solicitor, on the caste schools, that "even Story sullied at last the lustre of a long life, by a decision, the infamy of which, even his large services cannot hide." The defender of Judge Story's memory, shows a good deal more zeal than discretion, in his interference in his behalf. The two main points of defence are, that Judge Story is *dead*, and that he was a *Judge*. A good deal of fine writing is expended on the first point, which I think had better have been reserved for some obituary notice, if the writer has ever occasion to furnish such. I do not profess to know much of what the Scotch call "*the humanities*," and the French the "*belles lettres*;" but I have an impression, that it is the province of that department of them called history to treat of the dead, and that *truth* rather than *panegyric*, is generally considered its chief virtue. Unless the writer can contrive to abolish history, he may as well let Judge Story take his chance with all the rest of the subjects of its dominion. This sort of sentimental "*slip-slop*, is the stuff they feed fools on." A man is to have his due, be he alive or dead; and that is all he, or his friends, have a right to ask.

Nor can I think that the circumstance that Judge Story was a Judge, can fairly exempt him, or his actions, from the judgment his contemporaries or posterity may see fit to pass upon either. I can see no sanctity, as this writer seems to do, in sullied ermine. It is good that Judges should know that the time will come, yea, and now is, when they will be obliged to leave the bench, and stand at the bar of public opinion, and be tried for their every decision affecting human rights. It would be fatal to liberty, could such a superstition be thrown around our Judges, and especially *such* Judges as the majority of the present Supreme Bench of the United States. But there is small danger of it. When a man is told that it has just been discovered, after fifty years, that by the Constitution of the United States, he or his child, (for Slavery makes no account of colour,) is liable to be seized by a kidnapper, and, if removed from evidences of his identity, subject to be reduced to eternal Slavery on the *ex parte* oath of the kidnapper before a Justice of the Peace,—some Justice Shallow, or Justice Overdo, perhaps,—and that his native State has no right to secure to him a trial by jury to ascertain his condition; he will be very apt to think more of the nature of the opinion, than of the dignity of the Judge, and to characterize it by such terms as seem to him best to describe it.

But I have no intention of *preaching* on this text. That I shall reserve for my own pulpit;— or rather the pulpit which I am supplying during the temporary absence of a ministering brother on a missionary errand to foreign parts. I dare say you will copy the article I have spoken of, that your readers may profit by its admirable strictures on W. Phillips's conduct, and on that of Abolitionists generally; and also the quiet, but keen and conclusive reply of Mr. Phillips to it.

The editor of the Daily Advertiser, after opening his columns to this anonymous attack upon Mr. Phillips, refused to insert his reply, because he was unwilling "*to open his columns!*" It is difficult to conceive of a more dirty and cowardly act than this. It excited little surprise, however, because no act in his long editorial career could be recalled to justify such an emotion.

But, hold! I have just said that a man is entitled to his due, whether dead or alive; and I must not fail to be just, even to the editor of the Advertiser. He has recently vindicated his claim to public spirit and magnanimity, in a manner which has put them beyond dispute. I will briefly relate the circumstance, and then seal this endless epistle. A few years ago, when the supplying of Boston with water was first mooted, Mr. Hale was very busy in recommending the Long Pond scheme, which is now adopted. A plan was urged by him, a part of which was the employment of Commissioners, at a salary of $5,000. This plan was rejected by the citizens; and there was, indeed, small expectation of carrying it at that time. Nevertheless, some evil-minded persons suspected that Mr. Hale's zeal in that matter might be kindled by the hope of one of those fat commissionerships. He repelled the idea with indignation, and even was at the pains to cypher it out in his paper, and prove, mathematically, that it was unpopular for him to think of such a thing. The demonstration was satisfactory. But, now, the project is adopted, commissioners are appointed, (but with the material difference of their salaries being $3,000, instead of $5,000,) and lo! Mr. Hale is one of them! His zeal in the public service has made him willing, as the French say, *faire l'impossible*, to do now for *three* thousand dollars, what he could not think of doing then for *five!* Such an instance of heroic self-sacrifice can only be fitly paralleled, by Curtius's devotion of himself for his country, particularly, if it be true, as the witty editor of the London Examiner suggests, that that famous exploit merely indicated the willingness of him that performed it—a willingness by no means unparalleled in later times,—to *fill an open place*, at the public expense!

D. Y.

Notes on New Books.

The Trees of America; native and foreign, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described; being considered principally with reference to their geography and history; soil and situation; propagation and culture; accidents and diseases; properties and uses; economy in the arts; introduction into commerce; and their application in useful and ornamental plantations; illustrated by numerous engravings. By D. J. Brown, author of the Sylva Americana. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

Perhaps we cannot give a better idea of the merits of this really beautiful volume, than by quoting the author's account of the manner, in which it was composed.

In presenting to the public a treatise like the present it would naturally be expected that the author should state the grounds upon which he rests his claim to attention. With this expectation he most cordially complies. Soon after the publication of his "Sylva Americana," in 1832, at the solicitation, not only of personal friends, but with the expressed wishes of numerous individuals to whom he was comparatively a stranger, he undertook the preparation of a work on the trees of this country, more complete and extensive in its character than had hitherto been published. With this view, in connection with other pursuits, he extended his researches by travelling and residing for a time in various parts of North and South America, the West Indies, Europe, and Western Africa, where he availed himself of the advantage of not only verifying or correcting the observations which had been made by others on the trees of these countries, but examined them under various conditions in a state of nature, as well as in nurseries and collections of the curious.

In the year 1838, he announced to the public, through a "Memorial praying Congress to adopt measures for procuring and preserving a supply of timber for naval purposes," [*Doc. 241, 25th Congress, 2d Session, Senate,*] that he had commenced the preparation of a treatise on this subject, setting forth the course he was pursuing and the chief objects of inquiry; but owing to the party strife and political warfare which existed at that period, he regrets to say that no action was taken in the matter beyond referring said memorial to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and ordering it to be printed.

In 1843, at the request of his friends, definite proposals were issued by the author for publishing the work in a popular form, and a large number of wealthy and public-spirited citizens proffered him their aid, to whom he cannot here omit to acknowledge his lasting obligations; but, owing to various causes which have unavoidably retarded the publication, it could not with propriety be issued before the present time.

While complying with this request, he has read or consulted the works of all the most judicious authors on the subject, both ancient and modern, with the view of giving a concise account of such trees and shrubs as are cultivated or growing in America, as would interest the general reader, and, at the same time, would prove economical and useful to the artisan, the planter, and to those interested in arboriculture, in a more extended sense.

The pictorial illustrations of this work have either been made directly from drawings after nature, or from accurate delineations already in existence, one figure representing the general appearance of each tree, and another of the leaf, flower, fruit, &c. in order that the descriptions may be better and more clearly understood, and to render their identity more certain.

The classification he has preferred to adopt is the *Natural System*, chiefly for the sake of aiding in generalizing on the species and varieties contained in each family or tribe, which is in accordance with the plan adopted by Professor Don, in "Miller's Dictionary," and by Loudon, in his "Arboretum et Fructeetum Britannicum." There is one feature, as regards this arrangement, to which the author would call particular attention. It will be perceived that, in various instances, he has reduced the number of species, and even, in some cases, of varieties, which he wishes to be distinctly understood has been done, not only with the object of rendering the classification less complicated, but with an opinion that such analogies do exist; yet he is not by any means desirous to separate assemblages of species, or to alter established names, in any manner whatever. No one, he conceives, should do this who has not attained an eminent rank as a botanist, to which he has no pretensions. Hence, in most of the cases in which he has assumed a species as a variety, he has given the names as adopted by Michaux, Nuttall, Loudon, or some other botanical writer, in order that the reader may know under what heads such varieties are described in the works of these authors.

The work is admirably adapted for popular instruction in a branch of knowledge hardly second to any other in point of usefulness, but in which our people are generally most wofully deficient; it should find a place in every village lyceum and public library in the country. It is with trees as with men, to love them and put them to any profitable use, you must make them a study as well as companions.

The Harpers have published, this week, number three of Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, which includes the biographies of Hampden, Vane, and Henry Marten;—Number three of Sue's new tale of *Martin, the Foundling*," which, although rather carelessly translated, we think greatly superiour to either the Wandering Jew, or the Mysteries of Paris. It is embellished with very handsome wood-cuts;—Numbers 107–108 of their magnificent edition of Shakspeare, and number seven of the Pictorial History of England.

WILEY & PUTNAM have published Gammer Gurtori's pleasant stories, and Gammer Gurtori's famous histories, in a style of elegance altogether superiour to that of any books of the kind ever published in this country. The illustrations are abundant and admirable; worse ones should never be placed in the hands of children. It is no marvel that a depraved taste in art is so common, when we remember the monstrosities in the shape of picture-books, with which the nursery has heretofore been supplied. We attribute, in a very great degree the absurd admiration for mœdieval art, so rife in Europe, and which we are trying to infest ourselves with in this country, to the pictorial deformities which have been placed in the hands of children during the last century. Heretofore it has been deemed as necessary to have nonsense pictures for the amusement of children, as nonsense talk. But the purity and grace of infancy naturally assimilates with truth and beauty, and we believe that the highest efforts of art should be employed for the instruction and delight of the infant mind. The same publishers have just issued, "An Elementary Reader, German and English, based upon the affinity of the languages to accompany Ollendorff's method. By Guace Steiner." An invaluable work for the neophyte in German.—B.

Father Darcy. By the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Sorel," &c. No. 87, of Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

True Heroism.

If ever there was an example of true heroism, we think it is to be found in the conduct of Gov. Seward, in the case of Freeman, the negro who slaughtered the Van Nest family. The whole community in the vicinity of this awful tragedy became so excited that it would listen to nothing but the execution of the supposed murderer, and this excitement, we have too much reason to fear, reached the court and the jury. Amidst all this terrible phrensy and prejudice of the people, and against the entreaties of his ever-watchful friends, Gov. Seward stepped forward alone, and single-handed, as counsel for the wretched negro. For four weeks, through the oppressive and sultry weather, far into the shades of night did he labour with his utmost strength for his client. He pushed from him wealthy clients, whose gold and whose influence were ready for him, and devoted his whole energies to the cause of this miserable idiot, who was forsaken by all around him, even of his own colour and caste; and without one cent of reward, pleaded the cause of the already condemned prisoner. An incident which we find related in a Boston paper will show how deeply he was interested in his case. When the District Attorney thundered the words of the indictment in the adder ear of the demented creature, the only effect upon his vacant mind that could be discerned, was an idiotic smile playing upon his stolid face, proving him wholly unconscious of what was going on around him. Gov. Seward could no longer restrain himself, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, and seizing his hat, rushed from the room. When he returned, Mr. Wright, who had joined Gov. Seward as counsel for Freeman, rose up and declared he could have nothing more to do with a case, which so much resembled a *terrible farce*. Gov. Seward immediately sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "May it please the court *I* shall remain counsel for the prisoner until the hour of his death."

Almanack for 1847.

An Anti-Slavery Almanack for the ensuing year is now ready. We hope our friends will send in their orders without delay, that we may be able to make some calculation as to the number wanted. Its contents are as follows:

Immediate Abolition. By Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
The Domestic Slave-Trade.
Moral and Political Power. By Adin Ballou.
Free Suffrage.
Letter from Ireland of Frederick Douglass.
Two Poems;—"On the Death of Rebecca," and The "Slave's Complaint." By the slave George of North Carolina.
Disunion. By Wendell Phillips.
Sketch of Haiti. By Rev. J. Wiess.
The No-Voting Theory. By Wendell Phillips.
Why can't you Abolitionists let the Liberty Party alone? By Edmund Quincy.

And besides these a variety of other interesting and useful matter.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Revenge of the Flowers. *Miscellany:* Autographs; The Folly of the Sword; Adventure with Wolves; Natural and Artificial Aristocracy; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Letter from Dr. Cox; Mr. Wendell Phillips and the late Judge Story; No Great Difficulty. *Selections:* Wendell Phillips and Judge Story; To Wm. Brown and Dr. Hudson; Maine; Hardships of the War; Intellect of the Negro Race; Voluntary Slavery.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications:* Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

WASHINGTON, Thursday Evening.

Suicide of Felix Grundy McConnell.—The Hon. F. G. McConnell, of Alabama, committed suicide this afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, in his room, at the St. Charles Hotel, by stabbing himself with a large clasp knife three times in the neck, and five times in the stomach. He had been for the two days previous labouring under the influence of *mania a potu*. The supposition is that he must have died instantly; so deep were the wounds inflicted, that either of those on the neck, or those on the stomach must have inevitably proved fatal. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts, after which, the body of the deceased was taken in the charge of the Clerk of the House of Representatives.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Slavery in Mississippi.—By a provision in the Constitution of Mississippi, the introduction of slaves into the State is prohibited after the present year. The prohibition extends not only to the introduction of slaves as merchandise, but settlers within the State cannot import them for their own use. This state of things induced the Legislature, at its last session, to authorize the people to vote on the proposition to change the provision. It excites general attention. The New Orleans Bulletin thinks that the popular sentiment is against any change. —*Baltimore Visiter.*

Nantucket Sufferers.—We find the following in the Boston Atlas, of yesterday:

A CARD.—The town of Nantucket, in town meeting assembled, by their resolution, charged the undersigned with the duty of expressing to the several towns, cities, corporations, societies, associations, and also to individuals collectively and separately, who have nobly and generously contributed for the relief of their suffering fellow-citizens on the occasion of the late disastrous fire, their grateful sense of the relief afforded, as letter after letter was read, abounding with sympathy and benevolence.

In performing this duty, it is difficult to find language that will give full utterance to the swelling emotions of gratitude and of deep feeling that pervaded the entire assembly. Bountifully have you responded to our appeal, and in the name of our common humanity, we thank you; in the name of the houseless widow, the naked and hungry children, we thank you; and the silent tear of gratitude which moistened the cheek of helpless old age, will bear the records of your kindness to realms beyond the grave. The balm of consolation and comfort was freely poured in for the relief of our distresses, in the hour of our greatest affliction, and in the name of the whole town, we again thank you, and we ardently pray, that Heaven's choicest blessings may reward your noble munificence.

THOS. MACY, *Moderator.*

Nantucket, 9th mo. 3, 1846.

Smithsonian Institution.—Third Day's Sitting.—The Board of Regents yesterday, after, as we understand, considering and disposing of a variety of subjects, and referring others to committees, to be reported on and decided hereafter, adjourned to the last Monday in November next. Among the subjects which were referred, as we learn, was that of a plan for an edifice for the Institution. A committee consisting of the Chancellor, Secretary, and Executive Committee, was appointed to take charge of various designs offered to the Board, to consult architects in reference to them and any others, and report the plan of a building to the next meeting of the Board. Another committee was appointed to consider and report a system or plan for carrying out most completely, and most in conformity, with the presumed intentions of Mr. SMITHSON, the great object expressed by the words of his will, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

The Board of Regents having decided generally to place the Institution on the public mall, south of the canal, they yesterday morning, by appointment, met the President of the United States (who was attended by several members of his Cabinet) on the mall, and took a general view of that extensive and beautiful Reservation, but came to no conclusion as to a precise locality for the Institution. The subject of a site was afterwards referred to a committee to consider and report on. It is said, however, that the preponderance of opinion in the Board, is in favour of the section between Seventh and Twelfth streets, or between Seventh and Fourteenth streets.—*National Intelligencer.*

Appointments by the President.—GEORGE BANCROFT, of Massachusetts, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States for the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, vice Louis Mc Lane, recalled at his own request.

JOHN Y. MASON, of Virginia, to be Secretary of the Navy of the United States, vice Hon. George Bancroft, resigned.

"A Northern Man with Southern Principles."—A yankee from Vermont was pursued and caught near Erie, Pa. last week, having with him two negroes stolen from Virginia.—*Spirit of Liberty.*

Philanthropy in London.—The subscription toward the Asylum for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute females, on their discharge from jail—the form given to a testimonial in honour of the philanthropic efforts of the late Mrs. Fry—has nearly, we understand, reached the amount of £5,000. The Common Council of London have voted two hundred guineas to the fund; and the King and Queen of Denmark are added to the list of royal subscribers. We hear, with regret, among the reports which relate to the proceedings and prospects of the various metropolitan establishments, that the Association for Promoting Cleanliness among the Poor have exhausted their funds. It is a valuable feature of this society's doings, that in addition to their free baths and wash-house at Glasshouse-yard, near the London Docks, they are at the expense of cleansing and whitewashing the dwellings of the poor in that neighbourhood. Many thousand rooms, staircases, passages, and entrances have, it is said, been cleansed and whitewashed by them since the spring, and the applications for this purification are steadily increasing. For such purposes, in a season of heat and epidemic like the present, the wealthy public have a direct personal interest, beyond the gratification of their benevolence, in not suffering the Association to want ample means.

Escape.—The editor of the Norwalk (O.) Experiment, swallowed, through mistake, a large quantity of corrosive sublimate. But he almost instantaneously discovered the mistake, and instantly took a large dose of the white of eggs. The cure was perfect; and after a slight emetic, he felt no other inconvenience than a severe excoriation of the mouth and throat.

A young coloured man named Roberts, a brother of the Governor of Liberia, who came to this country to complete his studies, has been refused admittance to the medical class at Pittsfield, on account of the objection of a Southern student.

Anti-Slavery.—The repeal of the Tariff has galvanized the anti-slavery spirit in the North, at least in some sections of the country, into unusual activity. We put little confidence in that opposition to Slavery that is nothing more than a matter of dollars and cents—that has in it no feeling of humanity to the oppressed.—*Covenanter.*

Death of President Dew.—The Richmond papers announce the death of Thomas R. Dew, late President of William and Mary College.

Married,

In this city, at the Astor House, on the 1st instant, Capt. BENJAMIN F. BOURNE, of Sandwich, to Miss ELIZABETH W. LINCOLN, of Wareham, Mass.

Also, at the same time and place, LORENZO CLAY, Esq. attorney at law, of Gardiner, Maine, to Miss ABBY, youngest daughter of Benjamin Bourne, Esq. of Sandwich.

On the 8th instant, in the church corner of Fourth street and Lafayette Place, by Rev. P. M. Brett, JOHN TAYLOR, M. D. to SOPHIA MARGARETTA, daughter of Cornelius Bogart, Esq.

On Wednesday morning, the 9th instant, in the Market street church, by the Rev. Dr. Ferris, CHARLES WILLISTON BENEDICT to JANE, daughter of James McAlpin, Esq. all of this city.

In this city, on the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, JOSEPH S. YORK, counsellor at law, to MARY ANN, daughter of the Hon. John W. Edmonds.

At Sodus Bay, Wayne county, N. Y. on the 17th August, GILES B. STEBBINS, from Massachusetts, to CATHERINE A. daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Fish, formerly of Rochester, N. Y.

In Bath, Mr. DAVID W. STORER to Miss SARAH W. SMITH.

Died,

In Sandwich, on the 6th instant, Mr. WILLIAM DENNIS, Jr. in the 27th year of his age.

At Pottsdam, N. Y. Mrs. DEBORA STOW, widow of the late Peter Stow, Esq. of Newport, N. H. and mother of Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston, aged 71.

At the British American hotel, Kingston, on Saturday morning, 5th instant, SARAH, wife of Mr. Francis Hall, senior editor and proprietor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, in the 36th year of her age.

At Vernon, Oneida county, on the 15th ultimo, WILLIAM ROOT, Esq. aged 78 years.

At his residence, in Newport, Ia. on the 12th instant, DANIEL PUCKETT, aged 77 years, 2 months, and 15 days. His disease was a chronic affection of the abdominal viscera, together with a diseased state of the heart and arteries, and a derangement of the billiary organs.

He was a minister in the Society of Friends for many years, and was one of those who were proscribed on account of their giving countenance to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and heartily united with his brethren who were proscribed in like manner, in establishing the Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends. He remained faithful to the cause, and firm in the confidence of the rectitude of our course, to the last. He is gone from works to rewards, and we trust is entered upon the enjoyment of that rest prepared for the righteous.—*Free Labour Advocate.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Sept'r. 5, to Sept'r. 12, 1846.

Rev. Nathaniel Hall, Dorchester, Mass		$1 00
E. Hewett, Hanson,	"	1 00
George Woodman, New-York,		1 00
A. J. Barrier, Brockport, N Y		1 00
Turner Dawson,	" "	1 00
Wm. Bailey,	" "	1 00
E. D. King,	" "	1 00
Jeremiah Card, Bergen,	"	1 00
Alanson Alden, North Bergen, N Y		50
Palmer Munger,	" "	1 00
J. S. Hudson,	" "	1 00
Noah Wilbur,	" "	1 00
Abner Hitchcock,	" "	1 00
Wanton Aldrich, Elba,	"	1 00
Epes Lane, Annisquam, Mass		1 00
A. J. Bond, Austinsburg, Ohio,		1 00
Mary J. Wilder, Clarence Hollow, N Y		1 00
Asa Ransom,	" "	1 00
Elder J. H. Cockran,	" "	1 00
George Kent,	" "	1 00
Christian Smith,	" "	1 00
Aldrich & Smith,	" "	1 00
W. A. Townsend, Newstead,	"	1 00
George L. Knight	" "	50
Daniel Henderson, Pembroke,	"	1 00
Edward Williams,	" "	1 00
Erastus Wyman,	" "	1 00
Harvey Dodge,	" "	1 00
Sophronia Havens,	" "	50
Lucius Thatcher,	" "	1 00
James Eddy, New-York City,		1 00
Aaron C. Macy, Hudson,	"	2 18
Joseph Pierce, Pleasantville,	"	1 00
C. M. Brown, Oakland, Ohio,		1 00
Phebe Whipple,	" "	1 00
Edwin Wilbur, Commons, R I		1 00
R. Peabody, Waterford, Vt		1 00
Rev. W. P. Huntington, Ashby, Mass		1 00
Augustus Kilburn, Boston,	"	1 00
John Murray,	" "	1 00
Nancy Robinson, Dover, N H		1 00
Charles F. Fox, Holland's Patent, N Y		1 00
Harry Abbott, East Hamburg,	"	1 00
E. Cruttenden, Buffalo,	"	1 00
J. G. Garland,	" "	1 00
J. Garrett,	" "	1 00
N. B. Thorp,	" "	1 00
A. C. Sangster,	" "	1 00
George Husted,	" "	1 00
David Estes,	" "	1 00
Thomas Harries,	" "	1 00
W. S. Hammond,	" "	1 00
James McKnight,	" "	50
A. L. Schryver,	" "	1 00
M. W. Hill,	" "	50
Jacob Van Doorzer, Buffalo,	"	1 00
John Dandridge,	" "	1 00
John M. Brinkers,	" "	50
Ralph Williams,	" "	1 00
George Wyer,	" "	1 00
Young Men's Assoc'n.	" "	50
Wm. Walker,	" "	1 00
Phenix Lansing,	" "	1 00
J. M. Whitfield,	" "	1 00
Martha Pascal,	" "	1 00
Christian Hearson,	" "	1 00
		63.68
Total Amount,		$63.68

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Sixth Annual Fair of the Weymouth Female Anti-Slavery Society will commence on the evening of *Tuesday*, October 6th, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall of Wales' hotel, at Weymouth Landing, to continue through the two succeeding days, ending with a tea party.

A great variety of useful and beautiful articles will be offered for sale.

Donations either in money or articles will be thankfully accepted, and may be sent to either of the undersigned

LUCRETIA A. COWING } Com.
DEBORAH LANE, }

September 17th 1846.

CONVENTION AT ROCHESTER.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at the city of Rochester, commencing on Sunday afternoon, September 20th, at 2 o'clock, and to continue through Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22d of September.

Charles Lenox Remond, Erasmus D. Hudson, and William W. Brown will be present.

The application of the great principles lying at the foundation of the Anti-Slavery enterprize, will be carefully examined.

In compliance with a challenge from SAMUEL D. PORTER, of Rochester, a public discussion will take place between him and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, upon the pro-slavery character of the American Constitution. The meeting will be a free one, and all persons will be allowed to oppose any sentiments which may be advanced. Come up, friends, and let us talk this matter over, and find out if we can, the extent of our responsibilities, with full determination to discharge them.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

FARMINGTON, 9 mo. 8, 1846.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

The Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society will hold a series of meetings as follows: at *North Brookfield*, Wednesday, September 16th, at 2 o'clock P. M. in the Town Hall; at *West Brookfield*, Thursday the 17th at 2, P. M. in the Vestry; at *South Brookfield*, Friday, the 18th, at 2, P. M. in the Town Hall; at *Warren*, Saturday, the 19th, at 2 o'clock, P. M at Messrs. Hitchcocks' Hall.

Distinguished speakers from abroad may be expected. All persons feeling an interest in the subject of Slavery or Anti-Slavery, are respectfully invited to be present, and participate in the discussions.

SAM'L. MAY, *President.*

JOHN M. FISKE, *Secretary.*

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh,	*Emma Parker,*
Theresa Hallowell,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Sarah L. Child,	*Hannah L. Stickney,*
Anna M. Hopper,	*Mary T. Stickney,*
Margaret Griscom,	*Emily Winslow,*
Sarah A. McKim,	*Maria Davis,*
Amy Matilda Cassey,	*Harriet D. Purvis,*
Paulina Wright,	*Sarah L. Purvis,*
Janette Jackson,	*Margaret Jones,*
Martha Carman,	*Mary Grew,*
E. Carman,	*Margaretta Forten,*
Clementine Green,	*Mary Shaw.*
Huldah Justice,	*Hester Reckless,*
Eliza J. Bias,	*Esther Hogeland,*

Committee of Arrangements.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of goods, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention, at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MONROE COUNTY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. HUDSON, and WM. W. BROWN, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

MONROE COUNTY.

Brockport, Friday, " 18th, "
Parma Centre, Saturday, " 19th, "
Rochester, Sunday, Monday,

Poetry.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

On the couch's softest pillows
Stilly rests the slumbering maiden;
Closely prest her brown eye-lashes,
And her flush'd cheeks crimson-laden.

Near her, richly cut and glittering,
Stands a vase with flower-wreaths drest,
Flowers dew-bathed and many-coloured,
Freshly torn from earth's fair breast.

All within her little chamber
Hangeth hot and sultry air;
And the still night-breath of Summer,
Close shut in, weighs heavy there.

It is still and deeply quiet,—
When, behold, among the flowers,
Starts a rustle and a murmur,
Whispering to those silent hours.

From the flower-bells, gently sweeping,
Come these spirits robed in air;
Shields they bear, with light emblazoned,
Crowns amid their flowing hair.

"Maiden, maiden, thou hast torn us
From earth's bosom cruelly;
And, in this gay vase imprison'd,
We must languish, fade, and die.'

"Oh, how blissfully we rested
On our mother's gentle breast!
Through the green leaves came the sunbeams,
And hot kisses on us prest.

"And the breeze of Spring refresh'd us,
Bending o'er our gentle stems;
And the dew and rain around us
Hung in braids of sparkling gems.

"And in might we play'd as fairies,
Stepping from our leafy bowers;
While the stars a tender cadence
Sang for us, their darling flowers.

"Now dull water round us circles,
Fading in thy thoughtless thrall:
But before we perish, maiden,
Our revenge on thee shall fall!"

Then they gather round the maiden,
As it fades, that spirit strain;
And the rustling and the murmuring,
With the silence come again.

How the maiden's cheeks are glowing!
How the spirits breathe on her!
How the air is moved and waveth,
Round the fated slumberer!

Then the sunbeams greet the chamber,
And the shadows disappear;
But the couch on which she slumber'd,
It is now that maiden's bier.

With her cheeks still gently redden'd,
Cold that faded flower, in death
Lieth 'mong her faded sisters—
They have kill'd her by their breath!

Miscellany.

AUTOGRAPHS.

Thomas Hood wrote the following to some one who applied to him for his "autograph":

"SIR:—I am much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called "pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German Phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of a window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pelico with his fore-finger, dipped in a mixture of soot and water. Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Draco, when Themis requested a few sentences for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles. The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile." Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph, and sent it bang into Philip's right eye. Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting as to bestow when requested, only a mark or cross—others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes, as a cork-screw, a serpent, or a circumbendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies, as eagles, ships, and swans.—Then, again, there are what may be called Mosaic autographs—i. e. inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads, on a huge, white pin-cushion—as thus:

WELCOME SWEAT BABBY.
MARY JONES.

"When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, 'a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,' he replied, that he would leave it to her in his Will, seeing as how it was 'done with gunpowder on his left arm.'

"There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope. According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions,—with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles, and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it. King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a keepsake,—royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin English exercises. With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger, on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly-scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl drew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-board with the slopped milk. Also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS'—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up. Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern-book—with samples of stuff and fustian. The foregoing, Sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? for Doppledickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink, or black,—or suppose he had it in Sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Mounteagle, (not Spring Rice,) in a feigned hand? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, i. e. partially or totally illegible? Would he like it—in case he should n't like it—on a slate? With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree, or a table,—a paving-stone or a brick wall,—a looking-glass or a window,—a tea-board or a silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back kitchen door,—I presume, to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and in the absence of any particular directions for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier-pigeon—or in a fire-balloon,—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS HOOD."

THE FOLLY OF THE SWORD.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

May we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle? We will not take him to a prison, a workhouse, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity; but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief, that, in due season, shall be born in the completeness of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name, Folly and Wickedness standing sponsors.

We are in St. James's park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the Queen is in London. We pass the palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is the miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide cleanly, handsomely. In Birdcage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London—even here, Nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifing the heart of man, if the heart be his, to own her.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom still expanding with gratitude to Nature, for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's works managed like a machine, to slay the image of God—to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood—to fill the air with howling anguish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet they are the sucklings of Glory—the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them—carnage, and the pestilential vapours of the slaughtered. What a fine-looking thing is war!—Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but Murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling?

And now we hear the fifes and drums of her Majesty's grenadiers. They pass on the other side; and a crowd of idlers, their hearts jumping to the music, their eyes dazzled, and their feelings perverted, hang about the march, and catch the infection—the love of glory! And true wisdom thinks of the world's age, and sighs at its slow advance in all that really dignifies man, the truest dignity being the truest love for his fellow. And then hope and a faith in human progress complete the pageant, its real ghastliness disguised by outward glare and frippery, and know the day will come when the symbols of war will be as the sacred beasts of old Egypt—things to mark the barbarism of by-gone war; melancholy records of the past perversity of human nature.

We can imagine the deep-chested laughter—the look of scorn that would annihilate, and then the small compassion—of the man of war, at this, the dream of folly, or the wanderings of an inflamed brain. Yet, oh, man of war! at this very moment are you shrinking, withering like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then that little tube, the goosequill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding INK, even whilst you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating, with a tooth of rust into your sword.

That a man should kill a man, and rejoice in the deed—nay, gather glory from it—is the act of the wild animal. The force of muscle and dexterity of limb, which makes the wild man a conqueror, are deemed in savage life, a man's highest attributes. The creature, whom in the pride of our Christianity we call heathen and spiritually desolate, has some personal feeling in the strife—he kills his enemy, and then, making an oven of hot stones, bakes his dead body, and, for crowning satisfaction, eats it. His enemy becomes a part of him; his glory is turned to nutriment; and he is content. What barbarism! Field-marshals sicken at the horrour; nay troopers shudder at the tale like a fine lady at a toad.

In what, then, consists the prime evil? In the murder, or the meal? Which is the most hideous deed—to kill a man, or to cook and eat the man when killed?

But softly, there is no murder in the case. The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide—has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honours for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No; the alchemy or magic of authority turns his well-worn scalps into epaulets, or hangs them in stars and crosses to his button-hole; and then, the battle over—the dead not eaten, but carefully buried—and the maimed and mangled howling and blaspheming in hospitals—the meek Christian warriour marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings *Te Deum*. Angels waft his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool—on the man's own faith—he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction working within him, is canonized by the craft and ignorance of man, and worshipped as glory!

And this religion of the sword—this dazzling heathenism, that makes a pomp of wickedness—seizes and distracts us, even on the threshold of life. Swords and drums are our baby playthings; the types of violence and destruction are made the pretty pastime of our childhood; and as we grow older, the outward magnificence of the ogre Glory—his trappings and his trumpets, his privileges, and the songs that are shouted in his praise—ensnare the bigger baby to his sacrifice. Hence, slaughter becomes an exalted profession; the marked, distinguished employment of what, in the jargon of the world, is called a gentleman.

But for this craft operating upon this ignorance, who—in the name of outraged God—would become the hireling of the Sword? Hodge, poor fellow, enlists. He wants work; or he is idle, dissolute. Kept, by the injustice of the world, as ignorant as the farm-yard swine, he is the better instrument for the world's craft. His ear is tickled with the fife and drum; or he is drunk; or the sergeant—the lying valet of glory—tells a good tale, and already Hodge is a warriour in the rough. In a fortnight's time you may see him at Chatham; or, indeed, he was one of those we marked in Birdcage Walk. Day by day, the sergeant works at the block ploughman, and chipping and chipping, at length carves out a true, handsome soldier of the line. What knew Hodge of the responsibility of man? What dreams had he of the self-accountability of the human spirit? He is become the lackey of carnage, the liveried footman, at a few pence per day, of life and blood. The musket-stock, which for many an hour he hugs—hugs in sulks and weariness—was no more a party to its present use, than was Hodge. That piece of walnut is the fragment of a tree which might have given shade and fruit for another century; homely, rustic people gathering under it. Now, it is the instrument of wrong and violence: the working-tool of slaughter. Tree and man, are not their destinies as one!

And is Hodge alone of the benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong, which really and truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and he knows the facings of his uniform.

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to coined and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds, or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshipper! it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From the moment his name stars the Gazette, what does he become? The bond-servant of war. Instantly, he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think, but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another the freedom of his soul: he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice: shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valour. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, the burglar and brigand; but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wickedness of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he, when he most gives up free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago, chance showed us a band of ruffians, who, as it afterward appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering all who fell into their hands. Men, women, and children, all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness, they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches? you ask. What place did they ravage? Were they not caught and punished?

They were a part of the arms of Africa, valorous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers, to cut Arab throats; and in the name of glory, and for the everlasting honour of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honour—all for glory.

* * * * * * * *

That nations, professing a belief in Christ, should couple glory with war, is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith is,—"love one another:" their practice is to—cut throats; and more, to bribe and hoodwink men to the wickedness, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle and glorify the deeds of death. We say, beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of man-slaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of admiration to the demon—War; let us not acknowledge him a mighty and majestic principle, but, at the very best, a grim and melancholy necessity.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

FROM "LIVOUIAN TALES."

In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing vexations from the oppressor, Mart was one evening coming home through the wood in his sledge, when he was beset by wolves. The track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness; nevertheless, he was aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward—quicker still; and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front—all was as usual: a wild, scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind him; the scene was just the same—white snow, and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark, gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was Mart's horse that they wanted *first*; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in his favour; for the moment the wolves turned off in order to pass, and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed: but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside, and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was wont to do in times of fatigue and difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

Mart shouted violently; but they were either keen, or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time for both master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand; but forbore to use it—for the closer the wolves kept to the back of the sledge, the less they were seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eye of the little animal had caught sight of the dreadful foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow path.

One of the wolves was more than usually huge and straight-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature, Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyelids. It turned off again—the snow lay flatter for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time—he dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the animal's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at a full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a fresh source of anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time, that these were no common, lazy wolves that he had to deal with, but sharp-set, determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly waste of wide, open space, between the outskirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became opener—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward—caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace—and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment, a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin; it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute, and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall; he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost; he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded.

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno fled wildly after him. To renew the narrative:—Mart knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds, the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again around him—they pulled down!

People say there is no time to think in sudden danger: they never know it. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril, than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew that he was himself in the jaws of hungry and ferocious wolves! Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when, dash came another animal hard-breathing along, threw itself in the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a second, he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow, within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the assaults he made.

One wolf lay at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs and laid bare the gaunt back bone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"

"Anno!"

Long did the young people stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger; for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.

From the Topic.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL ARISTOCRACY.

The institution of aristocracy, like all other institutions, was not the result of caprice or accident, but the necessary product of natural causes. The first nobles, in relation to what was then considered excellence, were truly the best of their times.

When physical heroism and military policy were the chief tests of greatness and ability, eminence could be won and retained by nothing but virtual superiority. Foremost rank was sufficient evidence of foremost desert. The world had then no honorary leaders; no generals guiltless of a campaign; no senators by courtesy. The brains that guided States wrought under furrowed brows; the hands that defended States, had grown as it were to the sword. The greatest men undertook the greatest tasks; and, what is notable, carried them *through*. The mind that initiated the aim concluded it. There were no half-way stages at which the originator committed his work to another for completion. The theoretical man and the practical man were identified. The division of labour—so useful when men operate like machines—so fatal when they would act as intelligences—had not yet been resorted to. PROXY—that deadliest foe to genius—was not then born.

Aristocracy could not have a worthier foundation. Its first members were constituted, not only by superiority of nature, but by the completeness of that nature's development. The advantages that are based upon nature react upon their cause. Merit has first to win position. Position itself subsequently fortifies merit. Wealth and influence, legitimately gained, cherish their possessors.

The first leaders had to distinguish themselves from the crowd, by ascendency of character alone. Power once achieved, a superiour order once established, its founders bequeathed aids and privileges which they originally possessed not, to their successors. The uninstructed fathers leave their experience for the guidance of their descendants. These inherit high associations and kindling memories unknown to their ancestors.

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As time passes, the happy effects of the institution accumulate. Every fresh generation added to the roll of glory increases the august obligations which bind its successor. Every refining agency of circumstance prompts and aids the maturity of the order. The period arrives when glory and greatness, as then interpreted, become habitual to the aristocracy as a body. We are of course to look for no higher moral developments than are recognized by the age then current. But as far as ethical influences have been developed, we are to seek their crowning illustration in the ranks of conventional nobility.* If the reason be demanded, we reply that such conventional supremacy had a virtual supremacy for its basis, and enjoyed privileges both of mental association, and external condition to which no other class could pretend.

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Before popular taste or intelligence are awakened, it is in the *virtual* aristocracy of a country that genius finds its truest allies. Those who have themselves accomplished high enterprises, or who, inheriting the names and spirits of heroes, aspire to emulate them, regard with affection the arts that perpetuate and idealize great achievements. The poet supplies not merely their records but their origin. He connects these glorious results with the heroic ardours which produced them. He revives the cause while he describes the effect. The vitality of the past flows along his words and quickens in the bosoms of his hearers. With a kindred appeal, though necessarily a more limited one, do painter and sculptor thrill the aspiring heart. And while the influence of hereditary renown keeps the aim of an aristocracy broad and lofty, its disposition is most favourable to the ideality of genius, which delights to regard events through the medium of principles. Mental truth—not material reality—is the standard to which it conforms. It loves to commemorate those transactions which, derived from fervent and liberal impulses, approximate more nearly to the laws of mental truth and ideal sympathy than any events can do which take rise in narrow and particular motives.

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An institution that has for ages been distinguished by vital energy will obtain a traditional reverence long after its virtual claims have expired. Such has been the case with the aristocracy of power. Its associations survived its efficiency. When it had ceased to be an impulse to heroic life, its animation almost spent, its current of hereditary motive almost stagnant, the imagination of genius continued to invest it with its pristine attributes. An order that had in a great measure lost the nature of its founders was grateful to the liberal art that still ascribed to it their honours. What wonder, under such relations, that the poet and the noble were friends?

Nor was the union, though tending to the corruption of genius, without dignity at its commencement. The sympathies of rank were still excited for those qualities in representation which it no longer manifested in conduct. Genius, on the other hand, persisted in believing the actuality of those impulses which it had so long commemorated, and was consoled by its credulity. But as delusions are, of their very nature transient, these agreeable reciprocities of courtesy were in the end dispelled. In the meantime the aristocracy of custom had, for its own sake, given a position to its ally, the aristocracy of mind, of which the latter discovered the advantage. Mind began to dream of conventional honour on its own account, and exposed itself to the jealousy of its former patron.

External rank, however, surrounded with wealth, influence, and prestige, presented formidable barriers to rivalry. The privileged class, moreover, included those in whose gift were the very distinctions to which talent aspired. As might have been expected, a compromise ensued. The claim of intellect on station was partially recognized on the condition that it should adopt the interests of the circle which it had invaded, and resist the encroachment of meaner aspirants.

The man of ability thus laid himself out to propitiate the "person of quality." The social life of aristocracy was alone thought worthy of delineation. Sometimes, indeed, the pretensions of wealth were admitted in literature, but only to be ridiculed. It will easily be seen how adverse to the progress of generous and ideal sentiment was the tacit compact between patrician idleness and intellectual ambition. Genius, which is spontaneous in its origin, which cannot minister to petty interests, or does so at the sacrifice of its power, was either neglected or degraded; an exile or a slave.

Into such a state no high and purifying elements of thought or imagination can enter. The age becomes literal, narrow, and vicious. Its politics are the interests of classes; its art is the gratification of individual vanity: its morality is convenience; its inspiration is tradition.

As an aristocracy descends from the heroic sentiment, it becomes accessible to common and undignified motives. No longer the model for national example, it gravitates to the life beneath it. Pleasure—not duty—supplies its excitement. The costliness of its enjoyments renders it at once prodigal and sordid. Sometimes the growing disposition of avarice, sometimes the needs of recklessness, bring it into contact with the influences of wealth. Pride gives place to cupidity. A new ingredient, the "money power," is gradually introduced into the "Order," which sub-divides itself into anti-pathetic sections, bound together only by the circle of necessity. The desire now becomes not so much that aristocracy should distinguish itself from the world, as that it should distinguish its own *coteries* from each other. Of these, one plumes itself upon its luxury, a second on its talent, a third on its taste. The aristocracy of descent takes its stand on the ground of manners—the ephemeral, insincere, but yet fascinating exponent of the virtual majesty—the inherent greatness on which the institution was based. Essential light, which after so many phases of declining glory, finds its last wan reflex in the still lingering perfection of patrician grace! In the meantime it is an aristocracy without enthusiasm—*without an* IDEAL. The real superiority which in past times distinguished the nobility having passed away, and its conventional privileges having been violated by the admission of unchartered talent and ignoble wealth, legitimate aristocracy has enough to do to keep itself intact. How hard for the hereditary *noblesse* to preserve its identity amidst all the plebeian associations which modern times have forced upon it. The sons of the attorney, the merchant, the grocer, sit on the same benches with the descendants of Norman Barons. The representatives of departed heroism are brought into reluctant contact with the representatives of living utility. How then shall *born* aristocracy assert its prerogative? How shall it best guard itself from contamination or confusion? To restrict as much as possible its intercourse within its own circle—to promote intermarriages amongst its members—to distinguish itself from the mushroom proprietors of titles by all external differences of custom and deportment—are means naturally, and, to some extent, successfully adopted.

*An exception must of course be made in favour of individual genius, which belongs to no class, and which is in advance of all classes. It is merely urged that at the culmination we suppose the aristocracy is more receptive of the influence of genius than any other section of the State.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

THE WAGES OF AGITATION.—William Wilberforce began life as a country gentleman, with an income of twelve thousand pounds a-year. He toiled through more than thirty years of parliamentary strife, paying largely, year by year, the expenses of his warfare with Slavery, and died at last, having just witnessed the triumph of the cause to which he had sacrificed his life and fortune, and having just sold his last acre. An offer was made to him, at the close of his career, to purchase for him, by a private subscription, a new estate, as the gift of the grateful British people. The offer was thankfully but firmly declined; though he who refused it had to take shelter under the roof of his son's parsonage. John Howard spent his life and fortune in endeavouring to improve the condition of the most degraded portion of Europe's denizens—the inhabitants of prisons. John Owen gave up the best portion of his days in forming and establishing upon a broad foundation a society, whose benefits will extend unto, yea, through "ages of ages"—the British and Foreign Bible Society. Josiah Pratt spent his life and his strength in rearing an institution which has caused, and will cause to a far greater extent, "the wilderness to blossom as the rose," and the heathen to "stretch forth their hands unto God"—the highly successful Church Missionary Society. Michael Thomas Sadler engaged, as a life's work, in the cause of the oppressed factory operatives, and spent his life and strength in endeavouring to obtain, and in some degree did obtain, a relaxation in the slavish system of toil by which they were ground down; and to turn to the Elishas on whom the mantle of this Elijah has fallen, Lord Ashley, and "Honest John Fielden," are carrying on, *con amore*, that work of true benevolence. These all toiled, or are toiling, without fee or reward of a pecuniary character, and without expectation of any return for their labours, beyond that glorious and indestructible satisfaction which must inevitably result from doing good. How different is it with the agitation of the Leaguers! They have toiled for the benefit of their own class, the millocrats and moneyed capitalists, a class who are able to pay largely for success; and now, as a specimen of the wages of agitation, Mr. George Wilson is to receive as a "testimonial," ten thousand pounds, and Mr. Richard Cobden, one hundred thousand!—*Herald*.

The French Government lately desired the Royal Academy of Sciences to ascertain and report on the propriety of publishing a complete edition of the works of Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist: the question was referred by the Academy to a committee of chemists, who, through M. Dumas, have just reported that a complete edition of the works of this distinguished chemist, published at the National expense, would be of great benefit to science: the committee have estimated the expense at about two thousand four hundred pounds.

The goods and chattels at the League-office, Fleet-street, London, were sold by auction on Tuesday last.

THE LENGTH OF AN ARAB MILE.—The universal definition of a mile by the Arabs is, "The distance at which you can no longer distinguish a man from a woman."—*Edinburgh Review*

SALE OF GOODS SEIZED FOR CHURCH-RATES.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Gossett, auctioneer, sold by auction, at the Rose and Crown Inn, Edmonton, two pigs, a sack of flour, some silver spoons, and other articles, which had been seized under magistrates' warrants in default of payment of church-rates. The parties seized on are members of the Society of Friends, and named respectively, John Catchpole, Thomas Bax, and Mira Nainby. The total amount claimed, inclusive of costs, was £4 1s. 6d. and the sale realized sufficient to discharge the claim.

EPITAPHS IMPROVED.—I wish I could find in some epitaph, "he *loved* so many;" it is better than "he *killed* so many." Yet the world hangs in admiration over this; you and I should be found alone before the other.—*Landor's Works*.

A RARE PEDIGREE.—Amongst the animals sent as a present to the King of the French by the Imaum of Muscat, are two beautiful mares, declared to be direct descendants from the favourite mare of Mahomed, named Borak. Their genealogy, with the certificates of descent, are enclosed in a leaden box, suspended from the neck.

MONTREAL, June 12.—A very funny story is now circulating in the fashionable circles in Montreal. The facts are these:—About a twelvemonth ago, a Mr. Warr, an aid-de camp to the late Sir R. Jackson, commander of the forces in Canada, went with a brother officer on a sporting expedition to the Northwest, to shoot buffaloes, &c. On getting there, he met with some of the wandering tribes of Indians, and fell in love with the daughter of a chief. It is supposed he expressed his passion to the lady; but however that may be, the chief determined to make him a present of her. Mr. Warr had of course, only anticipated a *marriage de convenance*—a *liaison* for the moment—to terminate at the end of the buffalo hunting. But not so with the chief. He insisted on a regular marriage; and, in the end, the polished Mr. Warr, the pink of fashion, and having noble blood in his veins was married to a Crow, or Blackfoot wife, by a missionary who happened to be at hand! This was nearly twelve months ago, and the young gentleman has been with his savage relatives ever since. In this time, report says his civilized clothes have worn out, and he has been equipped *a la Indienne*, with all the embellishments of paint, tattoo, &c. Nor will the tribe hear of his coming away, which, as may be imagined, he is most anxious to do; but he has been given to understand, that if he would show so little gratitude and good taste, a bullet will, most assuredly, put an end to his Indian existence. The circumstance has occasioned a good deal of amusement here. It is understood the Hudson Bay Company will use their influence to redeem the unfortunate wight, one of whose merits, in the eyes of the tribe, consists in his having red hair, which the Indians regard as a divine gift.—*Brighton Herald*.

LORD KENYON AND THE CLERK.—To a more humble class in the profession—attorney's clerks—Lord Kenyon often showed forbearance and kindly feeling. He had been a clerk himself, and would venture to play with the cubs before their claws were grown. Soon after his appointment as Master of the Rolls, he was listening attentively to a young clerk, on whom the duty had fallen of reading to him the conveyance of an estate, and who, on coming to the word "enough," pronounced it "enow." His honour immediately interrupted him: "Enough, according to the vernacular idiom, is pronounced enuff, and so must all English words which end in ough—as tough, rough, cough." The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on reading for some time, when (lo! the danger of a too comprehensive rule) coming to the word plough, he, with a raised voice, and a penetrating glance at his honour, called it "pluff." The great lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a smile, candidly said, "Young man, I sit corrected."—*Lives of the Twelve Judges*.

AVERAGE OF LIFE.—M. Lombard found that the age of the stone-cutter averaged thirty-four years, the miller forty-two, the painter forty-four, the joiner forty-nine, the butcher fifty-three, the lawyer fifty-one, the surgeon fifty-four, the mason fifty-five, the gardener sixty, the merchant sixty-two, the Protestant clergyman sixty-three, the magistrate sixty-nine.—*Hastings on Consumption*.

PERSONS WHO "KNOW ALL ABOUT IT."—When people draw their chairs close to the fender, stir the fire vigourously, rub their hands upon their knees, assume a look of complacent sagacity, and proceed to open up a long story with the confidential remark that they are going to tell us "all about it," they oftentimes remind us—dull companions though they be—of that outrageous and incomprehensible piece of drollery of Foote's, which the wise reader who loves genuine nonsense never forgets:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie, and who should be coming down the street but a great she-bear and popp'd her head into the shop. What! no soap? So he died; and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Joblilies, and the Garruyillies, and the Piccalilies, and the great Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-us-as-catch-can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."—There is only one suitable termination for stories of this simple and lucid character, and it is that which custom always has ready—"and so now you know all about it." They have always an exclusive story of their own, which is, like a worn-out shilling, without head or tail to it. Every story, nevertheless, is furnished with two heroes; one is a cock and and the other a bull; and these are constantly in one another's way. [We quote this exquisite piece of humour from one of the late Laman Blanchard's "Sketches from Life," which have lately been republished for the benefit of the lamented Author's family."—ED. I. L. N.]

Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply—"the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

Her Royal Highness, the Princess Helena, was taken an airing yesterday in the pleasure-grounds of the Palace.—*Court Circular*. [What an event to be trumpeted to the wisest of people! A little baby in long clothes is carried out by its nurse to breathe the fresh air in a garden!]—*Jerrold's Magazine*.

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.—The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is the vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, excepting a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.

We vouch for the following:—A gardener's dog, who had watched